

# Zion's Herald.

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# Zion's Herald.

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## "THE REAL PRESENCE."

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

The night was peaceful and serene,  
The moon with lambent light  
And all the stars of heaven,  
Looked down with soft delight,—

When the Lord Christ of Nazareth,  
Amid His faithful band,  
With love and grace unutterable,  
And god-like bearing grand,—

Stood in the midst, and smiling said,  
"This bread I give to thee,  
In My own body slain for you,  
Take, eat, and think of Me."

"Drink this, my blood—for you 'tis spilt—  
Of the New Testament;  
Shed for the world as well as thee,  
For this Thy Lord was sent."

"I am the perfect sacrifice  
For the whole world's great sin,  
That by their trusting faith in Me,  
All souls may enter in."

"Do this in memory of Me,  
Who loved and died for thee,  
Giving my body to the Cross,  
Shedding my blood so free."

"Until I come again," said Christ—  
And I shall come again  
No lamb shall on the altar lie,  
Burnt-offerings are in vain.

"For in my flesh and crimson blood,  
A holy sacrifice  
Is offered once, for all the world;  
It doth for sin suffice."

"With purest faith, and hope, and love,  
Feed on Me, in thy heart,  
Give thanks, rejoice, and let thy soul  
From every sin depart."

"For I, the Comforter, will come,  
And sweetly reign within;  
Thou'lt surely know My presence there,  
For Love shall enter in."

His Real Presence thou shalt know,  
Because His perfect peace  
Fills the whole heart with happiness,  
And gives the soul release.

His Real Presence robes in white  
The spirit glad and free,  
From slavish bands of guilt and fear,  
To all eternity.

His Real Presence feeds the heart,  
Preserving thy soul alive;  
The fainting, weary spirit cheers,  
And faith and hope revive.

When the Lord Christ in majesty  
Comes to a loving heart,  
No power in heaven, or earth, or hell,  
The union sweet can part.

He will not leave thee, nor forsake,  
Through every earthly ill,  
His Real Presence 'er abides  
With those who do His will.

And though thy heart may often doubt,  
Thy soul with terror thrill,  
Yet doth the Master's presence there,  
Thy inner temple fill.

Thou art His child, bought with a price,  
He'll surely keep His own;  
For thou must reign at last with Him,  
A partner of His throne.

Do we not know, when first He came  
Unto our spirit's shrine,  
And throned Himself in majesty,  
With love and joy divine?

And spoke the sweetest words on earth,  
"Thy sins are all forgiven;"  
For since that time His tender voice  
And presence makest heaven.

## SLUMPTONVILLE IN TROUBLE.

A Private Letter to Rev. M. Trafton.

DEAR BROTHER: As you were so much interested in our affairs as to give the results of our last quarterly conference to the readers of the HERALD, I thought it might interest you to know something of our present condition, as such matters are always of interest, especially to former pastors.

After a vote to leave the selection of a preacher for the coming year to the constituted authorities, we rested our case, making it a subject of prayer. But there is a class of men who cannot learn to submit to the majority anywhere, and as this is a letter between us, I will go somewhat into particulars. No sooner had the quarterly conference adjourned, than one of our prominent stewards, Brother Obed Ophoks, who voted with us to make no selection, and joined heartily in prayers that the Lord would take care of Slumptonville, prepared a paper addressed to the Bishop, setting forth our peculiar needs and condition, and naming three men, either of whom would be acceptable, procured the signatures of a number of brethren not members of the board, and slyly sent it on its mission of mischief.

I think the cabinet understood the matter, as neither of the men named was sent to us, but an entire stranger, whom none of us knew, but a man of good reputation, who had spent the last three years in the city of —. Of course Brother Ophoks and his friends were greatly provoked and disgusted that a bishop should give no heed to the voice of Slumptonville, and made great threats of leaving the church, exciting a quite general

eral fear that they would not go. But the church in general were well satisfied with the appointment, and determined to give the new pastor a most cordial greeting and warm reception. Our female members took hold of the parsonage, and gave it a thorough renovation. Paint, paper, and putty, some new carpets, and a few articles of new furniture gave it a really attractive appearance, and we flattered ourselves that few churches in the Conference furnished the preacher a better house. The old cook-stove must go, though our old preacher said it was well enough; but it was burnt out and badly warped, and the good sisters said, "We will have no warped things in the house, but all straight as a string;" and so a committee started for the city and procured one of Smith & Anthony's splendid cooking ranges (which company, by the way, have brought out the best house furnace I have ever used), with several other things for the culinary department, of which we make *homos* are supposed to know nothing.

Our new preacher appeared among us late on Saturday, after the adjournment of Conference, and, of course, a great crowd filled the church to hear his opening discourse. We expected to hear named that very common yet appropriate text, "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." But instead he read, "Beware of dogs," and then proceeded to read an essay upon the general deificity of humanity and the necessity of caution in our intercourse with each other. It showed a vast research and extensive reading, and was as exhaustive on the dog as Murray's work is on the horse. Not one word of congratulation on the new relation formed, not a sentence on reciprocal relations, not a cheerful suggestion dropped; cold, critical, caustic, it fell upon us as a dash of a shower-bath in January. One remarked, as we left the sanctuary, "I guess he has lately visited a dog show." Alas! he missed his opportunity. He can never recover it, if he remains three years with us. All hearts were in that state of sympathy that he might have entered and captured the entire congregation, but instead he hermetically sealed them against himself forever.

On Monday we took him to look over the parsonage, and as it was really attractive and every way convenient, we supposed he would express some pleasure; but the only remark he condescended to make was, "It is not so large as we have been used to." On leaving, he remarked that they would be up on the five o'clock train on Friday. Well, the good sisters had planned to give them a grand reception, and to have the tables set out, and a fine collation spread, to which the official members, with their wives, were to be invited. Brother Goodspeech was to make a short address of welcome, while Brother Trusty, our treasurer, had a quarter's salary in advance to lay upon the preacher's plate; the sisters had made up a small gift of pin money for the wife, and Brother Rimer had written a short ode to be sung by our village quartette; while the pastors of the two other churches, with whom we were on most friendly terms, were invited to be present, which invitation they both promised to accept. I confess, after that first Sabbath, our spirits sunk a little below summer heat, yet we went on with our preparation as though there were no dogs to beware of.

And so Friday came at last. The committee were at the station with two hacks, and waited the arrival of the train, while the guests were all assembled at the parsonage. There it comes, and, slowing up at the station, our preacher steps out, handing out a lady closely veiled. Our chairman indicated to him the carriage he should occupy, and they entered. There was no introduction of the wife to the committee, but entering their own carriage they led the way to the house. It was a most cheerful sight as we entered. The smiling faces, the beautifully-arranged tables, the blooming, odoriferous flowers, the neat new furniture, all were inviting enough to move a stoic to smiles. Our preacher took in his wife, still closely veiled, and instead of introducing her to the sisters and others present, remarked that she would like

to be shown to her room, whereupon they both passed on up stairs. After a half-hour, he came down alone saying, "My wife has a hard headache, and asks to be excused." The thermometer sank to "temperate." "Shall we wait supper for her?" one inquired. "No," he said, "she will not be down to-night." "Zero," said the thermometer. Our energetic Sister Blunt exclaimed, "Well!" This was an emphatic word with this sister, and when uttered with elevated eye-brows and a rising inflection, signified inquiry, as, "What next?" But when spoken with depressed and wrinkled brows, and falling inflection, it expressed a finality, as, "I never!" "I can't stand this, and I won't," exclaimed Sister Quickly, who had worked like a beaver for a week. "I'm going home;" and slipping into the dressing room, she threw on her shawl and hat, and went out with her eyes swimming in tears.

We took our seats at the elegantly-furnished table. Grace was said by one of the visiting clergymen, in which he contrived to bring in the "stalled ox," "herbs," and "love," evidently seeing that something was wrong, and we then proceeded to discuss the viands in dignified silence. The speech of welcome was not delivered, as the orator was too indignant to control himself. The quarter's salary was laid under the pastor's plate, which he coolly put in his vest pocket, without a word, but looking the remark, "That's as it should be." The supper over, one by one stole away from the "funeral repast," a few sisters stopping to clear away the things and wash up the dishes, and then,

"Few and short were the words we said,  
Nor cared to repeat the story;  
But we bitterly thought of that aching head,  
And left them alone in their glory."

Excuse me for quoting from the burial of Sir John Moore; I am not sure that the quotation is exact. Now, my friend, I have written this account for your private ear, assured that you will not put it in type, and more in sorrow than anger, hoping that you will give us some counsel and advice as to the best means for allaying the great excitement which threatens the very existence of our church in Slumptonville.

Yours ever,  
J. JOLLY.

REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOLLY: Your sadly interesting letter was duly received and carefully considered. I handed it to the editor of the HERALD, thinking that possibly he, in his wisdom born of pastoral experience, might suggest something useful to you privately, but habit is strong with him, and he passed it to the types, and here you have it. Now, my brother, let me advise patience and forbearance. We preachers are but human, and while we preach to the people submission to providential disappointments, we often bitterly suffer ourselves, and find it much easier to preach than to practice. Do not let your pastor see that you feel at all grieved, and he will recover shortly. And remember that high authority says, "Molasses is better than vinegar for taking flies;" and "catnip is better than tansy for headache."

M. TRAFTON.

## THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

[Concluded.]

At seven of Sabbath eve the boom of cannon and the sweet strains of the village musicians marching through the streets announced the festival of the morrow. At five the next morning the cannon's voice called the people to church to prepare for the sight of the Saviour's agonies. At seven the guns called us to the tabernacle (seating 4,500, and reminding one of those used by Mr. Moody), where at eight o'clock there is a gentle prelude of music from the orchestra and behind the curtain, out of sight of the audience—a prelude of silent prayer by the pastor and the five hundred actors. Shortly after, there appears on the front of the stage a chorus of twenty guardian angels—men and women in gilt crowns, long white tunics or dresses, and robes that together make up the colors of the rainbow, which they also represent in their position. The choragus, or leader, in-

troduces each act with a few words of explanation in prose or blank verse, or baritone solo, and the chorus soon join in explanatory song, during which they gracefully move backwards to the side of the stage, one-half of them on one side and one-half on the other, and continue to sing while the rising curtain reveals some Old Testament type in a tableau vivant which they explain in the words they sing. After the tableau and its accompanying and following song, the curtain rises on a second typical tableau, or else on the act itself, in which latter case the chorus previously disappears from the stage.

The order of the representations is as follows:—

REPRESENTATION I. 1st Tableau type.—Adam and Eve in sheepskin garments driven from Paradise by a cherub with flaming sword. 2d Tableau type.—Redemption by the cross. (The cross is represented surrounded by children whose parents and older sisters are pointing them to it. These two tableaux give the whole scope of the play—"as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.") Christ Scene.—Triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, represented by 500 persons. (The centre of all eyes is "Christus," so well personated by Joseph Maier in 1870, 1871 and 1880. He is above six feet in height, has a full beard and very long and dark hair, which he parts appropriately in the middle, and bears himself in every part of the play with great dignity and grace as well as tenderness, picturing Christ to us more satisfactorily than any canvas or statue of the "great masters.")

REPRESENTATION II. Tableau type.—Jacob's sons conspire against Joseph. Christ Scene.—The chief priests conspire against Jesus. (In this scene the Sanhedrim is gorgeously presented with a correctness as to costume and position seldom found in paintings, and we see for the first time the fiery Caiaphas, finely represented by Johann Lang, who ranks only third among the players, Christus and Judas being first and second.)

REPRESENTATION III. 1st Tableau type.—Tobias takes leave of his mother. 2d Tableau type.—Lament of the Bride in the Song of Solomon. Christ Scene.—The parting of Jesus and his mother. (It is an exceedingly pleasant and remarkable feature of the play that the Roman Catholics who have written it give no prominence to Mary than the Scriptures, and she is not even a leading character.)

REPRESENTATION IV. Tableau type.—Vashti rejected by Ahasuerus, representing the Jewish Church rejected by God. (This is unjust and untrue to brave and noble Vashti, and is almost the only unsatisfactory representation—the result of straining for types.) Christ Scene.—Jerusalem rejected by God. (This act represents Christ's last journey to Jerusalem in which He wept over it as He saw the awful doom that should come upon it for rejecting Him. In this scene Judas is first prominently presented. He lingers behind as Christ and His disciples go on to Jerusalem, hesitating between poverty with Christ and a return to the world and its gains, and while thus brooding he is approached by Dathan, the Jewish money-changer, who shrewdly and gradually proposes to give him the money he covets if he will betray Christ. Judas is at first shocked, but hesitates, dallies with the temptation, and at last yields. The part of Judas, it is said by prominent dramatists, "would be considered to be powerfully rendered on any stage in Europe." Subsequent scenes represent strongly the struggles of his soul, its remorse and final despair. This part is taken, as in 1871, by Gregor Lechner.)

REPRESENTATION V. 1st Tableau type.—The Israelites receiving the manna (well pictured by falling bits of silver paper). 2d Tableau type.—The grapes from Canaan. Christ Scene.—The Last Supper. (The arrangement of the room and persons at the supper makes Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture set forth in life, and the words and actions are those given in the gospels.)

REPRESENTATION VI. Tableau type.—Joseph is sold by his brethren. Christ Scene.—Jesus is sold to the Sanhedrim.

REPRESENTATION VII. 1st Tableau type.—Adam and his family toiling wearily "in the sweat of their faces," amid "thorns and thistles" in the curse of sin. 2d Tableau type.—Joab greets Amasa with a treacherous kiss. Christ Scene.—Jesus' bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and His betrayal by the kiss of Judas. (Here, after three hours and three-quarters of intense attention and interest, the audience is allowed an hour and a quarter for lunch and rest, and the exercises are resumed by the cannon signal.)

REPRESENTATION VIII. Tableau type.—Zedekiah smiting the prophet Micaiah on the cheek. Christ Scene.—Jesus tried before Annas and smitten on the face.

REPRESENTATION IX. 1st Tableau type.—Naboth, after his condemnation through false witnesses and judges, being stoned to death. 2d Tableau type.—Job reproached by his wife and their friends. Christ Scene.—Jesus unjustly accused and reproached in His trial before Caiaphas.

REPRESENTATION X. Tableau type.—The despair of Cain. Christ Scene.—The despair of Judas.

REPRESENTATION XI. Tableau type.—Daniel accused before Darius. Christ Scene.—Jesus accused before Pilate.

REPRESENTATION XII. Tableau type.—Samson, the sport of the Philistines. Christ Scene.—Jesus ridiculed before Herod.

REPRESENTATION XIII. 1st Tableau type.—Joseph's blood-stained garment shown to Jacob. 2d Tableau type.—The sacrificing of Isaac. Christ Scene.—Jesus is scourged and crowned with thorns.

REPRESENTATION XIV. 1st Tableau type.—Joseph received by the Egyptians as their ruler (contrasted with Christ's rejection). 2d Tableau type.—The scape-goat. (An erroneous interpretation of the scape-goat as Barabbas.) Christ Scene.—Jesus delivered by Pilate to the Jews to be crucified. (The part of Pilate is admirably rendered by Thomas Rendell. One can hardly believe that he is not a real monarch.)

REPRESENTATION XV. 1st Tableau type.—Isaac bearing the wood for the sacrifice of himself. 2d Tableau type.—The Israelites bitten by serpents. 3d Tableau type.—The Israelites looking to the brazen serpent and receiving healing thereby. Christ Scene.—Jesus bearing His cross. (A crowd of five hundred persons appears, following Christ, who is slowly and with evident pain bearing a heavy cross of wood nearly twice his own length, while the cruel executioners roughly urge him on—a representation in accordance with the picture of Paolo Veronese. His fall in utter exhaustion, the putting of the cross upon Simon, and the weeping of Mary, are all powerfully pictured, and "bearing the cross" is understood by the audience through its tears better than ever before.)

REPRESENTATION XVI. Christ on the Cross.—As the curtain rises, we see three crosses, with a man fastened to each of them. Those on the right and left are being raised and are soon set firmly in their places, the persons representing the two thieves being tied on, as in some of the great paintings. In the centre, on a larger cross, whose head is slightly elevated, we see the "Christus." Before the curtain rose we heard the sound of the hammer driving in the nails, and now he is apparently nailed to the wood. The superscription is now nailed above his head, and the four executioners elevate the cross, and we behold before us a living body, wonderfully like the sublime pictures of Christ, actually hanging upon the cross. It is impossible to discover, even with opera glasses, how he is fastened to the cross, except that there is the slight appearance of cords about his extended hands, but the nails seem to really pierce them and his feet also. The body, seemingly naked save the chaste drapery about his waist, is really covered with flesh-colored tights, and in some way under this a strap may encircle his waist, but art conceals art, and he seems to be really nailed to the cross. Only the half dozen who fasten and unfasten him share the secret. There he hangs for twenty minutes with such intense physical exertion as marks the cross with his perspiration. The entire crucifixion scene is gone through with—the executioners casting lots for his robe, the jeers of the priests and of the crowd, the cry for water and the sponge of vinegar, followed by the other six cries from the crucified. How every soul was thrilled as there came from the cross in loud and agonizing tones, "Eloi, Eloi, lama, sabachthani!" Then "the descent from the cross" after Rubens, and "The Entombment," as pictured by Raphael. Never on any other stage was so grand a scene presented, and every one who beholds this is helped to realize forever the redemption that Christ has "finished" for us by His death.

The resurrection follows, intro-

duced by two tableau types—Jonah just escaped from the whale, and the Israelites from the Red Sea. Last of all we behold, in a Christ tableau, Jesus ascending from Bethany, and a hallelujah chorus closes the representation at 5.45 P. M., after continuing eight and a quarter hours.

We leave the place, not as one going from a theatre, but rather from a powerful religious meeting, more than ever impressed with several great truths:—

1. The wonderful unity of the Bible, the New Testament illustrated by the Old, the Old prefiguring the New, and both teaching the same great truths as to human sin and divine redemption.

2. The unity of the whole Christian Church in its view of Christ, under all differences and errors—Romanists and Protestants with like interest following the story of His cross and passion.

3. The reality of Christ's life and sufferings for us as a man with men.

4. The duty of reacting on the stage of our lives the patience, gentleness, courage, benevolence and devotion which He showed as our example.

Many go to this "Passion Play" expecting to find it a fragment of the Middle Ages lingering in the nineteenth century, as in shaded glens on the mountains patches of snow remain far into the summer. But all find instead the pure Gospel of the Cross vividly and reverently set before their eyes in living and speaking pictures. May God bless and long continue this mighty evangel!

Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria, May 17, 1880.

NOTE.—The best of the many books on the Passion Play for English readers is "The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play," by John P. Jackson, published in London, and sold in Paris, Berlin and Munich. Price, 2 1/2 shillings (63 cents).

## Notes from the Churches.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—The remainder of the address by Rev. C. N. Smith was presented, in which he set forth the injurious effects of the doctrine of future probation. Rev. Dr. Mallieu gave the meeting some account of the General Conference, particularly its action on the woman question and a colored bishop. Others addressed the meeting on the same subject. Dr. Trafton was invited to address the meeting next Monday at 11 o'clock, on "Future Probation."

Personal.—Rev. V. A. Cooper has accepted the invitation to deliver the oration before the Gen. Winthrop Post 35, G. A. R., May 30, 1881.

Sunday-school picnics are in order. Every church is blessed that holds some well-managed gathering of this kind. Trinity, Springfield, rendezvous at Gallup's grove, with a pleasant sail on the Connecticut in the River Belle.

Westfield.—A fine lawn party at Farmer Towle's, in Pochassic, enticed several carriage loads of good people. Rev. F. Woods has the full confidence of his people, and, as usual, says on occasion strong words for temperance.

South Hadley Falls.—A union Sunday-school teachers' meeting is flourishing. This is probably a much more profitable meeting than could be otherwise held, and its social influence is admirable.

Greenfield.—Rev. A. W. Mills is doing a good work in both Greenfield and Bernardston. The lawn party at the parsonage was very enjoyable. A reception from his Bernardston friends was productive of the best feeling.

Conway.—Pastor Matthews is not a whit behind the best in church work. His address on Robert Raikes, June 13, is highly commended.

Calverton.—Bro. O. B. Curtis, a prince among this Israel, conducted a lawn party on the most enjoyable plan. Besides the ordinary edibles of the season, a band of music drew a crowd, interest and cash.

Lynn, Boston Street.—Prof. Edward John gives a graphic notice of Prof. Alexander Winchell's late and able work on "Pre-adamites," in the New England Journal of Education.

South Street.—A lawn party for the 23d inst., with broom drill and a band of music, is the next sensation.

Glenmere.—Bro. Manning is fully up to the times. Children's Sunday was elaborately provided for with decorations of flowers, singing birds, address to the children by the pastor in the morning, and Sunday-school concert services in the afternoon.

Brookfield.—Rev. J. R. Cushing spoke at the Sunday-school Institute recently held here, upon "The Teacher's Mark; How to Reach It."

Worcester, Trinity.—Sunday evening, June 6, Dr. Emerson Warner (lay delegate) occupied the pulpit, and gave a very interesting address on the late General Conference and its work.

Children's Sunday.—It was elaborately and appropriately observed in many churches, notably at Boston Highlands, with sermon, baptism, concert exercises and elaborate decorations of birds and flowers.

At Melrose, the 48th anniversary was held in the evening with a very interesting talk by Rev. J. W. F. Barnes, and a short address by Dr. Butler, who gave an interesting sermon in the morning.

At Father Taylor's Bethel, Rev. E. R. Watson made a plea for the children. In the afternoon, Rev. J. W. Bashford allegorized the coming of the Saviour to this world, and in the evening the pastor, Hon. E. H. Dunn and Capt. Candage addressed the meeting.

Dr. Upham preached in the morning at Temple St. Bros. Dunn and Daniel delivered addresses in the afternoon, and in the evening a sermon by the pastor to young people closed up a very fine day.

Meridian Street, East Boston, had a very fine day. Like many other churches, the decorations of flowers and birds were very elaborate. The services were of the all-day sort, consisting of a sermon in the morning by the pastor, and concert exercises afternoon and evening, and addresses by Revs. Mr. Marston and S. L. Gracey, Dr. Hamilton and Mrs. Boynton.

Celebrations were also held at Trinity and State Sts., with admirable floral decorations, and by the other churches as well; also at Holyoke and Chelsea.

At East Saugus the decorations were elaborate. A sermon was preached by the pastor. A number were baptized in the afternoon, and a Sunday-school concert was given in the evening.

At Union Square, Somerville, there was a full programme amid very attractive loveliness.

At Monument Square, Charlestown, an elaborate programme was prepared, comprising a morning sermon by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, afternoon address by Rev. A. B. Kendig, and evening concert exercises.

Rev. W. L. Haven delivered a fine address on the life and teachings of Robert Raikes, at Malden, in the morning. The decorations of birds and flowers were very fine. Concert and baptisms in the afternoon and a sermon to young people by the pastor in the evening are reported.

An address by the pastor at Maplewood in the morning, and a concert, with a pleasing talk by Rev. Howard Cook, in the evening, gave special interest to the day.

At Chelsea, Bellingham, the day was observed with an address on the "Demand for the Bible School." In the afternoon a sermon was delivered to the children on "Dangerous Boys and Girls in the Streets." In the evening the Sunday-school celebrated its 27th anniversary. The church was elegantly decorated, and the exercises, under the direction of Mr. F. Winslow, superintendent, were of a purely Christian and very high order. This is Mr. Winslow's first year, and he is showing fine talent for his important office.

At Roslindale, Children's day was appropriately observed. The floral decorations were unusually beautiful and unique, and the singing of birds filled the house. Rev. J. H. Tompson, the pastor, preached to the children in the morning. In the afternoon Rev. W. L. Haven addressed a good audience on the subject of obedience; and the floral service in the evening was followed by an interesting account, by Brother Haven, of his visit to the Chinese quarters at San Francisco.

At Lowell Highlands, June 13, the pastor discoursed to parents in the forenoon, to children in the afternoon, and held a floral concert of much interest in the evening.

Children's Sunday, at Bay View, as the tenth anniversary of the M. E. Sunday-school, was observed with great interest and success. The pastor preached in the afternoon to boys and girls, and in the evening an excellent floral and anniversary concert was held.

Children's Sunday was observed the 20th inst. at Winthrop Street Church with even more than usual elaborateness of decoration and services. At the morning service Dr. L. R. Thayer, Presiding Elder, preached an appropriate sermon on "The Relation of Children to Christ under the Atonement," after which the pastor, Rev. Dr. McKewen, baptized, with a very beautiful order of service, two adults and seven children. In the afternoon excellent addresses were made to the children by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, Prof. Kimpton and Hon. E. H. Dunn; the singing being done by the school, under their chorister, Mr. Samuel Williams. In the evening, Mr. S. L. Treadwell, the superintendent, had charge of the services, which consisted of singing and recitations by the children. A solo, admirably rendered by Mrs. Williams, and excellent addresses by Mr. Chas. J. Littlefield of South Boston, and "Uncle Cook," who is an honored member of this church. The attendance was large through the day, which was a red-letter one for this society.

Pulmon.—Sixty or seventy parishioners gave the pastor a happy surprise, June 9. A warm-hearted and appropriate address by Bro. Smart voiced their good-will, and the substantial token was \$30 in money. Mrs. Jagger has returned in greatly improved health, and the work is pushing toward the great need—a revival of religion.

Allston.—The brethren who have helped to plant Methodism in Allston will be glad to know that it survives drought and storm, and is a vigorous plant. Six united on probation near the close of Brother Hatch's term of service, and others were revived. Though about \$6,000 debt remains on the chapel, and we have no wealth to laugh at debts, yet the little band is "Gideon's band," and feels fully able to carry it till, by the help of friends, they can cancel it. The meetings are increasingly interesting and well attended. May 27, we were favored with a musical and literary entertainment, which was first class, and very profitable.

Dr. Townsend stirred us up considerably by a memorial discourse delivered in the Unitarian church at Brighton Centre, the 30th ult., denouncing the perils of our country from the Jesuits, the mob and secessionists, making the future use of good soldiers quite probable. I see by the action of the Board of Aldermen that some of that honorable body were hit by his nuggets of truth.

W. G. LEONARD.

South Woburn.—Rev. G. R. Bent, after an absence of six years, has been warmly welcomed back to this charge. The parsonage has been newly carpeted, papered and painted. The board of stewards at their first meeting adopted the plan of paying the pastor's salary monthly in advance. The Robert Raikes Centennial was observed, morning, afternoon and evening. Brother Bent has gone to the Provines for a month's rest.

Barre.—Four persons received the ordinance of baptism the first Sabbath of this month. Rev. S. H. Noon, the pastor, delivered a most excellent sermon on Memorial Sunday before the returned soldiers, by special request.

[Church News continued on 4th page.]



## Miscellaneous.

GOING TO THE MOUNTAINS.  
A Study for Summer Tourists.

BY REV. J. W. JOHNSTON.

Mountain-tops always repay the climber. Not only does the view delight the eye and fill the soul with beauty, but the clear, strong air sends the blood tingling through our veins, and makes health and strength vivid realities. After months of residence in a city, where the crowds swarm and live together, where the air is choked with dust and smoke, where the flowers almost die for lack of freshness, and where pale faces and weary forms abound, how delightful it is to get away to the mountains and the hills, and drink in the pure, sweet air, to look down upon the meadows sleeping at our feet, to hear the lowing of the cattle in the soft cool of the day, to catch the sweet music of the birds as they herald the morning light, to sniff the balmy air rich with the odor of the pines, and thus sending us back to our homes feeling as though we had met an angel who had touched us with a divine finger, and made us strong for years to come. Excursions to the hills and the mountains ought to be more frequent and common than they are. The summer sun ought to find our cities more deserted, and the mountain-tops more crowded. The clerk, the mechanic, the seamstress, the weary mother, ought to be away among the hills when the sweltering August days have come, and thus they would be renewing their youth, and laying up hope and energy for days to come.

I have sometimes thought that there are mountain-tops in the Book of God; high hills and lofty ranges in the inspired volume; places where the air is crisp and pure, and where the atmosphere is so rarified that we can see far across the plains of everyday life and experience. Of course we believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," yet it does seem as though there were certain parts of the written Revelation which tower into the heavens of eternal truth, and where from that lofty summit there is such a view of life, of God, of duty, that we can feel the divine impulse thrill every nerve and chord of the soul, and where we may receive such inspiration and joy as will strengthen us for many days to come. There are chapters in the volume of the Book over which there arches a sky of surpassing beauty. Hardly a cloud obscures the brightness of the horizon. Soft breezes blow from the eternal hills. The trees seem to be full of sap, and the flowers nod and smile in the glad sunlight. The song-birds of hope trill their sweet notes, and the tired, weary soul is made to rejoice. An excursion to such hill-tops as these will be an inspiration; and many a life that is now weary and despondent would be lifted up as upon eagles' wings could they only be led to some of the Delectable Mountains of Inspiration.

For example, there is the Providential Range. These mountains run through both the Old and New Testaments, and occupy about the same relation to the Bible that the Andes and the Rocky Mountains do to the continent. They are the vertebrate of the entire Revelation; from their lofty peaks there flow some of the great rivers of grace; the Amazon of God's love and the Mississippi of His eternal solicitude break from the upper clefts in this Providential Range. No mountain-tops ought to be more frequently visited than these; the air which blows along their summits is a grand specific against worry, depression, over-anxiety, and the countless maladies embraced under this form of disease. The twenty-third Psalm and the closing part of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel are generally regarded as having the highest range in this entire chain.

Then there are the Mountains of Hope, which are of considerable range and beauty. This chain is very similar to our own White Mountains down in Maine, as they run in some parts quite close to the borders of another land. These mountains are of very great value. The air which sweeps their brow is very bracing and very dry, and the tears which often dim the pilgrim's life are brushed away as with the hand of an angel; the sighs which come heaving from the chest are suddenly removed, and smiles and gladness generally take the place of sorrow and despair. The view from some of the loftier peaks is very fine, and with anything like a clear day, a city having foundations, and with streets of gold, can be distinctly seen. A great many people visit these mountains, but many others ought to go. The sad, the sorrowing,

the distressed everywhere ought to visit these charming hills. The fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel and the concluding part of the seventh chapter of the book of Revelation are generally supposed as not only being the most accessible, but as having the best view.

Then there are the Mountains of Practicality. This chain differs from the others in the fact that it is largely a mining region. Some of the richest veins in personal experience have been found in this territory, and much of the gold and the silver which have sustained the church have been taken from these hills. Nothing has done more to preserve and strengthen the faithful than the exercise with the pick and mining bar, and many a man that was becoming spiritually weak and languid has here recovered his lost health. Religious dyspeptics, dreamy enthusiasts, weak and credulous fanatics, have been wonderfully restored in this mining country, and many a hearty Christian in the Church to-day can date his recovery from his first trip to these wonderful hills. Unfortunately these mountains are not much patronized. The trains carry but few passengers, and even in the visiting season the mining camp is more than half empty. We recommend these Mountains of Practicality. When the spiritual pulse is sluggish, when the blood is thin and scarce, when the muscles are soft and flabby, a season spent here will effect a complete and thorough recovery. The twelfth chapter of Romans, a large part of the Sermon on the Mount, the entire epistle of St. James, are among the richest mountains of the chain; and though much has been taken from some of the "claims," yet it is generally supposed that many of the richest lodes have not thus far been discovered.

Then there are the Mountains of Liberty. This chain is peculiar in having very few sharp peaks, but has instead a broad table-land of great value and productiveness. The temperature even in the loftiest hills is very mild and balmy, and the vegetation is distinguished by a wondrous variety. The produce of every zone grows here with no difficulty whatever, and it is quite a common sight to see the hardy Norwegian pine and the banana flourishing side by side. Birds and flowers of all imaginable shades and species may be found here, and one could almost imagine that this table-land was the world in miniature. Though these mountains are not very popular, yet they are growing in public favor. The people who frequent them are among the broad, generous spirits of Zion. They are seldom troubled with doubts as to their brother's duty, but more frequently about their own; they know or care very little about controversy; they keep no beam or scale in which church doctrines and creeds are weighed, but they content themselves with growing certain fruits of the Spirit spoken of very frequently by St. Paul. People of a narrow, contracted, bigoted turn of mind ought to visit these mountains regularly. It is to be hoped that the church will pay more attention to these hill-tops. Broader men, broader experiences, larger views, more healthy conceptions would be the result. The fourteenth chapter of Romans and the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, are perhaps a good average of this delightful range.

Thus we might go on in the study of spiritual geography. Many other chains of great magnitude and beauty could be named. Our object, however, is accomplished if we succeed in directing attention to the subject. And as vacation comes, and when we get away to the mountains and the hills, let our thoughts go to the ranges which run through the hemispheres of revealed truth; let us climb some of these spiritual high places, and breathe that air which blows strong and fresh from the eternal Himalayas. And then when we come back to daily life and duty, may we come with a strength which will prove indeed that we have been sitting in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

## THE PENITENT THIEF.

BY REV. S. CUSHING.

The prayer of the penitent thief is recorded by St. Luke: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Who he was, what his early history and character, and what the crime for which he suffered, may not be satisfactorily ascertained. Yet the narrative awakens an interest more than ordinary. Our first introduction to him is, when on the cross he and his associate revile the Saviour. Soon we find him praying, and the subject of special favor, of pardon and eternal life. Matthew and Mark clearly state, "the thieves," malefactors, both joined the chief priests and multitude in reviling Christ. Luke states that one rallied on Him, while the other rebuked him and prayed to Christ. Probably both when the first rail on Him, but when the

prayer was offered, Christ had been on the cross about three hours; as this occurred at the sixth hour, and Mark says they crucified Him at the third hour. What produced the change in the man? A power more than human is evident from the character of the change effected. What were the means or instrumentalities employed? From the record by Luke it would seem that the first utterance of Christ on the cross—His prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—led to this change. In the midst of that cursing and reviling the Saviour prays for His murderers. Reflecting on this manifestation of divine benevolence, he caught a glimpse of the true character of Jesus. As Nathanael, when Jesus said to him, "An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," asked, "Whence knowest thou me?" and Christ said, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee;" Nathanael, seeing this manifestation of omniscience, exclaims, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, the king of Israel." This was probably the first time the malefactor had ever seen Him; and being a Jew, was early acquainted with the Scriptures and the characteristics of the Messiah, and here in this prayer saw in a focus the concentrated rays of those predictions, and at once acknowledged Him as the Christ. This awakened him to a sense of his sinfulness and led him to apply to the Saviour.

He was probably one of the associates of Barabbas, who for sedition and murder in the insurrection was cast into prison. Trying to throw off the Roman yoke, they were arrested and suffered the Roman punishment of crucifixion. What was the nature of his penitence? He has been called the penitent thief. Was it genuine? Were there fruits of sincere repentance? Were time and opportunity afforded for manifesting true penitence? He was in a dying condition. Was he a true penitent? There was not time for extended fruits meet for repentance, but abundant fruits were here exhibited. He confesses his sin—"our deeds;" rebellion, probably, as a Roman, not Jewish, punishment followed. He acknowledges the justice of his condemnation: "We indeed suffer justly." His heart was in a state to see how just the punishment of sin. True penitence acknowledges the justice of punishment of sin. He also rebukes his fellow-sufferer reviling Christ, whose desire was to be saved from dying. He doubted the character of Christ: "If thou be the Son of God show that thou art by saving us from death; or, if thou art, use your power to save us from the cross." "Dost thou not fear God?" reviling or trifling thus. Here, then, were conviction, sorrow, acknowledgment and forsaking, all in one or two utterances.

What was the character of his faith? Had he justifying faith? Did he receive pardon? And if so, could he have been otherwise than by faith? There is abundant evidence that he had faith; faith essential to salvation; faith which Christ magnified and honored. It is seen in his testimony concerning Christ, "He hath done nothing amiss." The exhibition of divine benevolence in praying for His murderers, showed the purity of His sinless character, and therefore he could confidently declare, "He hath done nothing amiss." He probably had heard of Him and His miracles. Some said He hath a devil—casteth out devils by the prince of devils; some called Him a blasphemer and despised Him and clamored for His blood; betrayed by one of His disciples, denied by another, and forsaken by all of them. In His lowest humiliation this penitent declares of Him, "He hath done nothing amiss."

In his prayer to Christ he shows his faith in Him, acknowledging Him as King, as fully as Nathanael did, or as Peter in his confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "Lord, remember me"—a prayer not for sympathy and recognition as a fellow-sufferer, as some have thought, but, admit me into Thy kingdom, of Israel—Thy kingdom on the holy hill of Zion—when Thou comest into that kingdom to reign over saints and angels. Here was a clearer perception of the true character of Christ and the spiritual nature of His kingdom than His disciples had. "When Thou comest into Thy kingdom"—an intercession and reign in glory over saints and angels in a future world. Again, "Remember me"—my immortal spirit, as my Saviour, able, willing to save me now. Truly, the language of Jesus applies here: "No such faith found in Israel." Judas, Peter and all had deserted Christ, but this man, while suffering the agonies of crucifixion, acknowledges the true character of the Saviour even in His humiliation, and gives Him the highest honor and worship when all others had forsaken Him.

His prayer was answered, his faith magnified: "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise;" not dead, but happy in heaven. Here pardon is granted, renewal in holiness is effected, and a blessed assurance of eternal life is given. With what peace, then, could he die! He goes at once from the prison to glory—away from the cross to a crown of life, to be with Christ forever.

This narrative affords encouragement to every true penitent. However great the guilt that presses upon you, however aggravated your sins against God, if Jesus in the midst of His greatest humiliation, physical sufferings, and mental agony in being the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, would lift you to the penitential prayer and answer it with pardon, surely He will hear and save you. It affords hope to the penitent near death, if truly, sincerely penitent. This poor man while dying cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles.

It affords no encouragement to defer repentance as many do, hoping that in their last sickness they may obtain forgiveness and peace with God. It affords no license to sin, no excuse for delaying salvation to a dying hour. One

perished with the Saviour in his sight, was hard, unbelieving, reviling in the presence of Christ. The agitation of sickness, and a dying hour are not favorable to calm, decided, earnest, understanding seeking peace with God. I called to see a young man who was suddenly attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs. When his father proposed prayer to him, he asked me! "Do you believe God answers prayer?" "Most certainly," I replied. "Then pray that I may get well." I stated that we had greater needs than health and bodily comfort; our spiritual wants called first for attention, and God was always ready to supply them, but not always ready to grant such temporal blessings as we might wish. I prayed with him, but no impression apparently was made on him. It was not his wish to obtain spiritual good, but to recover from his sickness. He died in two weeks.

The penitent thief prayed not for deliverance from the cross, but for salvation from sin, for holiness and heaven, and is the only instance recorded of conversion at the point of death. "Tremble, sinner, lest divine Providence should not make you the second example of conversion in a dying hour." This is without a parallel in sacred history, and thus save from despair. Seize not on one trait in this case as your appropriate pattern. Consider this was the first time he had seen Christ. Not so with you; He has been set forth evidently crucified before your eyes, and many have been your opportunities to apply to Him. Consider the crime of this man; it had some plea of justification, to throw off the tyranny of the Roman power; no such excuse for your sins.

It places a crown of honor on the Son of God in His humiliation; it exalts His cross; He is worshiped, prayer offered, faith in His atonement exercised. He dispenses pardon, sends His sanctifying grace, and opens the door of heaven to the penitent believer. We may each pray, "Remember me," for is He not the Saviour still? Seek Him while He may be found.

## TO BUCKSPORT.

From Nashua to Portland via Rochester, the ride is unattractive, with the exception of the pretty villages of Epping, Rochester, Alfred, Gorham and Saco. The glory of New Hampshire is further to the north, up the shores of the Merrimack and among her unsurpassed mountains and lakes. A similar remark would be true of the journey from Portland to Bangor, were it not that one passes through the charming Kennebec Valley, which calls from him who has traveled much or little. The far-famed Mohawk, so graphically pictured by the editor's pen a few weeks since, presents nothing finer except, perhaps, the scene is more animated with the canal, the railroad and busy farmers. But just at this season the Kennebec has a very lively appearance in the presence of great numbers of vessels coming and going below Augusta in the ice trade, while above as far as Fairfield, where the road takes its departure across the country, and many miles beyond, also, the red-shirted river drivers along the shores and on the rips are plying their pikes and moving great rafts of logs down to the mills at Gardiner and Wiscasset.

The scenery of the Kennebec differs from the glorious Highlands of the Hudson and the beautiful intervals of the Connecticut. The banks are broken; farms occupy picturesque little valleys on the sloping hills; wooded lots approach quite to the water's edge, or bold bluffs stand grim and silent with their tabulated story of creative epochs mirrored in the glassy waters, while sharp bends in the noble river open up to the view extended prospects of hills beyond the hills, and distant villages and farm dwellings embowered in ornamental trees and shrubbery.

Across from the Kennebec to the Penobscot is one long monotonous pull, with nothing unusual in the appearance of the towns through which we pass. Vast tracts of unoccupied land grown with birch and hazel and scrubby hemlock, also great pastures of white bleaching stumps and logs, are graveyards of the forest primeval. Where are the pine trees? You see the logs drifting down the rivers, and expect to meet the pinery beyond. But you ride on for hours through a country for the most part as populated as the rural districts of Massachusetts with scarcely the sight of a pine tree. You come to Bangor and find acres of sawn lumber in rafts and piled on the wharves, but no grand forests yet. They are still "further on." As with the Indian tribes, civilization has crowded them out of sight and occupied their territory with its great noisy cities; laying across the trackless wilderness the track of the iron horse, making the solitary place glad. The "Pine Tree State" will soon be a misnomer except in historic significance.

The Penobscot is claimed by some to be as attractive as the Kennebec—by all admitted to be nearly so. From Bangor along its banks, or on its surface, as one chooses—we tried both—is a delightful trip of twenty miles to Bucksport, the queen village of eastern Maine. As you walk through its streets you observe evidences of thrift and taste in its well-kept homes, some of them approaching elegance. You are shaded by its fine trees, and in the "heated term" comforted with delightful breezes from the great bay a little way distant.

The town sits well up, commanding a fine view of the river and the high lands on the opposite banks. One of the interesting features across from Bucksport is old Fort Knox, once a very strong fortification, but now weak, not because of any decay or disarmament, but because mightier engines of destruction have been discovered. It is no longer a strong tower into which the righteous may run and be safe, but an argument to fall in glory. With the monument of the Herald we enjoyed a stroll

through its bastions, rifle galleries and trenches. We were favored in our companion, for Brother Weed knows everything about this east country—men, events, towns and cities. He is an enthusiast, too. He thinks the talk about Paradise being located in the valley of the Euphrates is all well enough for the scholars to dispute about, but the more probable fact is that it was situated somewhere on the Penobscot. Standing on the parapet of the Fort, with the river and bay stretching away to the sea and a view of up river toward Winterport and Hampden presenting scenery diversified from the most exquisitely beautiful to the grand and sublime, with the village at our feet, with its clean white houses looking out from groves of elm and maple in the full wealth and glory of their summer green, we were not disposed to dispute him.

But the pride of Bucksport is her Seminary. Whether you approach it by land or sea, from east or west, it is that part of the village which cannot be hid. It is literally on a hill, and figuratively on a hill also in the esteem of Eastern Maine. The buildings are substantial, imposing and ample. With a couple of thousand dollars expended in repair, they would be all that is desired.

President Forsythe is strong in the confidence of his Conference and the regard of all the patrons of the school. Possessing unrivaled executive ability, a thorough teacher, a modest and cordial gentleman, he has brought the Seminary into great popular favor. Brother Forsythe has been laid aside from active work for a few weeks, but is now much improved. During his absence the institution has been in charge of Prof. H. K. White, a fine scholar and born teacher, who is to remain in the school the coming year.

Sixteen young ladies and gentlemen graduated this year. The exercises began Sunday evening with a baccalaureate by Pres. Forsythe, which produced a profound impression. The examinations were conducted on Tuesday, and evidenced thorough work upon the part of teachers and scholars. The address before the literary societies occurred Tuesday evening. The graduating exercises occupied Wednesday afternoon, and were very fine. The alumni reunion was held on Wednesday evening, and the occasion was enlivened with excellent music by Andrews' orchestra of Bangor. The trustees are in earnest about this Seminary. Such names as Pillsbury, Pratt, Prince, Beale, Arey, Plummer, Marsh, Springer, Ruggles, Weed, and Stover give assurance of its future.

Brother Besse, who wrote that "terrible article," is the popular pastor of the Seminary and important M. E. Church. Let me tell those who were disturbed by words which contained "more truth than poetry," that Brother B. doesn't wear paint and feathers, nor a cynical look, but is a man of medium height and a mild eye, but with certain facial lineaments which indicate the courage of his convictions. Go to Bucksport, and he will make you want to go again. Go up to the Seminary on the hill, and you will say "beautiful situation." Associate with the teachers for an hour, look into the faces of a noble band of hard-working students, and you will thank God for Bucksport on the Penobscot.

J. R. DAY.

Nashua, June 11.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. L. HUMPHREY.

"But the heathen will be saved anyhow," is one of the objections to foreign missions which we often hear. Let us consider it a little. People differ in their ideas of what being saved implies. If by it we mean escape from the thrall of sin here, and a home in heaven hereafter, the question is, how are the heathen to obtain these blessings without the aid of the Gospel? How are they to obtain a fitness for the holy associations and employments of the heavenly land? Taught as they are to practice "all uncleanness with greediness," to indulge in all the baser passions of our fallen nature, how are they to obtain a love for purity, and an appreciation of goodness and virtue which alone will enable them to find happiness in heaven?

"But," say some, "there is so much that is high and excellent in all religions that even the heathen stand about as good a chance to be fit for heaven as any people!" They who speak in this way have obtained their knowledge of these matters wholly or mostly from books, not from prolonged intercourse with the people of heathen countries. The Vedas of the Hindoos contain many beautiful teachings which, if fully carried into practice, would certainly make those people much better than they are. But the perpetuity of the Vedic religion depends upon keeping the mass of the people in ignorance, and any religion that does not prepare people to dwell with Him. It also presents an open door to priestcraft and consequent corruption and deterioration. Hence the villainess of the Brahmins and the horrible immorality of the people. One of their own proverbs well expresses the outcome of this system of error:—

"Lohit goroo, laichi chela,  
Donon narik nem kalam thela."

A free translation of which is as follows: "If the priest is avaricious, the disciple will be so also, and both into hell will tumble together!"

The heathen, as a rule, are too conscious of their innate depravity to attempt to win merit by inward purity. Their hope is in sacrifice and penance. The "Light that lighteth every man which cometh into the world" shows them that the wickedness allowed by their priests is still wicked, and a conscious burden of sin is borne both by priest and disciple. There is no Saviour from sin in the Hindoo pantheon. They must expiate their guilt by works of merit. Hence the hook-swinging, the holding up of an arm until it becomes fixed, the long, painful pilgrimages to

various points along the snow-capped, and even to its source in the Ganges-Himalayas. Hence the eagerness with which Hindoo women seized upon the idea of such complete submission to the husband, that it was a joy to be burned with his corpse and thus by one heroic act wrest from the gods all the good that could be bestowed upon a woman!

But, after all, we as Christians have no right to excuse ourselves from having a deep interest in foreign missionary work by any suppositions or inferences that the heathen can do without our aid very well. As followers of Christ our duty is plain. "Go, teach all nations," is very comprehensive in regard both to the teachers and the taught. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the Christian rule.

"The quality of mercy is not strained:  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,  
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

And in this method—Christ's own glorious plan—Christianized heathen shall carry the Gospel to other heathen, until the knowledge of the glory of God shall encircle the globe. And then shall the end come.

## Our Book Table.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION, as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt, by P. Le Page Renouf. The Hibbert Lectures for 1879. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo., \$1.50. This volume comes at a good time, as so much interest has been developed by the discoveries and speculations, especially of German Egyptologists, among the half-buried monuments of Ancient Egypt. The work is a series of scholarly addresses, gathering up the latest results of the study of Egyptian remains and symbols, and presenting with great fullness the sources of information upon which these records are drawn, the antiquity and nature of early Egyptian civilization, the mythology of Egypt, its belief in the unseen world, its religious books, hymns and theories. While this work gives a view of the highest religious conceptions preserved by long tradition of this ancient people, it does not exaggerate the character of them at the expense of Revelation, but shows just how far they reached, and in how much they fell short of an adequate practical apprehension of the one true and living God, who revealed Himself in after years to these Hebrew slaves.

Rev. B. F. Barrett, the well-known author of treatises upon the doctrines and order of the "New Church," has commenced the preparation of a condensed and popular edition of the teachings of its great founder. It bears the general title of THE SWEDENBORGH LITERARY. It is published in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. The series, five of which have already been published, form a handsome set of miniature volumes, presenting the life and teachings of Swedenborg's views and visions of the present and the future life—of heaven and hell, of freedom and catholicity, of divine Providence and its laws, of charity, faith and works. If one desires to have a succinct, clear and adequate idea of the teachings of the New Church, here in these handsome and portable volumes, in a cheap form, he can obtain it. There is much that is held in common by Christians of all denominations, much that is grateful to the meditative and devout Christian, much that is curious and suggestive, and much that must seem, to Christians not educated to accept the wonderful revelations of the remarkable statesman and self-announced seer, to be unsupported by Scripture and contrary to its clear analogy.

Dr. Appleton & Co. add to their New York "Volume Series" ANNA MARSH WITH THACKERAY, by William H. B. Rogers. After a very appreciative introduction, sketching the literary career of Thackeray, his personal characteristics, his family life, and the volume is filled with happy quotations from the books illustrating his rare humor, his keen satire, and his sharply drawn characters. Paper covers, 30 cents.

Lee & Shepard issue their seasonal hand-books, corrected to date, with maps and illustrations. FARRAR'S MOONSHINE LAKE and RICHARDSON'S RAINIER LAKES. Everything tourists and amateur sportsmen need will be found in these well-prepared manuals.

Presby Blakiston, of Philadelphia, sends out another of his carefully-prepared hygienic handbooks. This time he has issued a series of LITTLE BOOKS ON SICKNESS AND HEALTH, by Annie M. Hale, M. D. It is one of the early contributions of educated lay practitioners upon a subject particularly suited to the needs of the home, and where they have opportunity to make valuable contributions to hygienic and sanitary, as well as pathological, science. The little volume will be a valuable hand-book for young mothers.

D. Lothrop & Co. publish THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH RHYME, by Robert C. Adams, 40 cents. The volume aids the memory and awakens the interest of the young scholar. Learning this rhymed chronology will print permanently the outlines of English history upon the mind.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. publish in a very neat miniature quarto, an attractive little work by the late Francis Riley, entitled THE HISTORY OF THE HAPPY DAYS. They are religious festivals, and their significance is impressively set forth, and accompanied with an appropriate hymn set to music. 40 cents.

Oliver Ditson & Co. publish THE COMMON PRAISE HYMNAL. It is intended to accompany the Book of Common Prayer, and is adapted for congregational or Sunday-school singing.

Root & Sons Music Co., Chicago, publish THE MOONSHINE LAKE, for Sunday Schools, by S. W. Straub. Its lyrics and music are largely original; the former show good taste; of the latter experts must judge.

W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, who publishes the very popular Joy Bells, and other musical manuals, for Sunday schools, has issued a fresh volume, which he calls NEW JOY BELLS, by W. A. Ogden. This seems to be equally adapted to the social meeting.

Hitchcock & Walden issue, in a neat form, a discourse of Dr. H. C. Benson, showing that the Lord's Day is the Christian Sabbath, and is rightfully the first, and not the seventh, day of the week. The argument is clearly and satisfactorily put, and makes an excellent tract for circulation in communities that hold eccentric or loose views upon the Sabbath. Price, 25 cents. Magee has it.

AFTER THE PATTERN, by Mrs. B. P. Stone, shows, in a pleasant family story, how God has given us wonderful examples of what He requires at our hand.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—"Through Valley and Forest," by W. F. Rudolph, Op. 80; A Morning Rally, by E. B. Phelps; La Santillana (Skipling), polka élegante, by F. Behr, Op. 417. Vocal—"The Canary (La Calandrina), by N. Jones; Baker's; Saviour, when Night Involves Hymn 325 of the "Hymnal;" Evening Song, by Franz Abt, Op. 450, No. 8.

heaven, and its moral is, "Love is estranged, and the union of hearts is a taste of the eternal union with God by-and-by." For sale in Boston, J. P. Magee.

A HOPELESS CASE, by Edgar Fawcett, is a bright story of the sharp contrast between a purely society man and a woman, without any higher aspirations, a simply exquisite, artificial taste, and a charming, natural, cultured, simple-hearted young woman, brought up in hearty contempt for artificial life, and with educated tastes. She is the victim of the former, her relatives, with many misgivings, are forced to acquiesce. The natural incident, growing out of this are related with unusual vivacity, and the whole effect of the story is refreshing. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MORALS OF EVOLUTION, by M. J. Savage, 12mo., 191 pp. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Savage writes with fluency and readiness of invention, and illustration. He seeks to show that it is safer and better to find the ethics of human life in "the nature of things" than in any book, human authority or church. But he reasons under the microscope, on every side, of Christian assumptions, and the influence of a long-established inspired Book. With all this light these have poured upon the duty, it is much easier to see what the nature of things requires. To walk in this light of nature only is to prefer the space of a lightning bug to the brilliance of the midday sun. After making the flowery sentences of this volume, we find the same satisfaction as before in still making the inspired pages the rule of human duty.

FROM BACA TO BETULAH, by Janet Smith. Philadelphia: Garrigue Brothers, 12mo., 355 pp. with colored portrait. This volume is a sequel to the volume, BACA, a story of protracted and sudden suffering. The present volume, suggested by her pastor, Rev. L. I. Van Cleave, is an interesting account of the sudden healing of her physical infirmity of years' standing, by an immediate gift of wonderful faith in prayer. The story is artlessly told, and is full of simple pathos and devout piety. Dr. P. Steele has an interesting story of a girl, which he draws the distinction between the gift and the grace of faith, the latter always to be exercised, the former an immediate and sovereign act of God. It is a series of best illustrations of faith healing that we have read.

A FAMOUS VICTORY, 12mo., 81 pp. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. This is a rattling story, illustrating our modern political canvass for office, and the manoeuvres of politicians, worked on a simple and natural story. The story is one of a rough kind, but not very complimentary to American politics, or the social life of the average politician.

THE STORY OF ACUT LIZZIE ARKIN, from the same house, 16mo., 81 pp., by M. M. Anderson, is an excellent volume. Lizzie Arkin, a faithful hospital nurse during the war, and a devout and efficient city missionary in connection with a Baptist Church of Chicago. This interesting little volume contains a very interesting and instructive record of her early life, her consecration to the care of our suffering Western soldiers during the war, and of her remarkable usefulness in visiting the poor and sick, and in effectively preaching the Gospel from house to house. It is both an interesting and a very useful volume, and will be a valuable volume of good wherever it is circulated.

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Root & Sons Music Co., Chicago, publish THE MOONSHINE LAKE, for Sunday Schools, by S. W. Straub. Its lyrics and music are largely original; the former show good taste; of the latter experts must judge.

W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, who publishes the very popular Joy Bells, and other musical manuals, for Sunday schools, has issued a fresh volume, which he calls NEW JOY BELLS, by W. A. Ogden. This seems to be equally adapted to the social meeting.

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## The Sunday School.

## THIRD QUARTER. LESSON I.

July 4. Gen. 1:1-2:4-8.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

## THE CREATION.

## I. Preliminary.

## THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

1. *Authorship*—That Moses was the author of the book of Genesis is confirmed by the universal testimony of the Jewish and Christian churches. Allusions to him as the author are frequent both in the Old and New Testaments, some twenty-five passages being cited in proof. As to the sources from which he derived his knowledge of events which happened centuries before his birth, there are several theories. We have space here for only one of the most important: 1. Some writers think that just as pictures of the future were given to the prophets, so pictures of the past—the drama of creation—were given to Moses—a sort of retrospective inspiration; and that he recorded the successive phenomena of the creation, as he saw them in the light of the future. 2. Others claim that certain strongly marked peculiarities, such as varieties of style, and the different names applied to God, point to written documents coeval with the events themselves, and that these documents were preserved and handed down to Moses, who revised and compiled them. Thus, Dr. Murphy declares that the book is a compilation of eleven documents, or pieces of composition, most of which contain other subordinate divisions; that "even these subordinate pieces contain still smaller passages, having an exact and self-contained finish, which enables the critic to lift them out and examine them, and makes him wonder if they have not been inserted in the document as in a mosaic, previously fitted for their reception." He finds in the fifth chapter of Genesis the word *sepher*, a writing (see English version), and declares that "many things encourage us to presume a very early date of writing."

2. *Date, Title, Scope*.—It is hardly probable that Moses possessed the inspirational endowment for preparing this book until after his call. The date therefore may be put some time during the forty years' wanderings, B. C. 1491-1451. The title, "Genesis," is taken from the Septuagint; it means "birth" or "generation." The Hebrew title of this book is taken from its first word—*Bereshith*, or "in the beginning." The scope of this book is of time covers a period of 2,369 years, from the creation of Adam to the death of Joseph. Its purpose is purely historical—to narrate the facts and order of creation; and to trace the development of the race up to the Flood, and after the Deluge, to the period of the sojourn in Egypt. The following synopsis is given by Murphy: "1. Creation (chaps. 1, 2); 2. The Man (chaps. 2 to 4:26); 3. The Fall (chap. 3); 4. The Race (chap. 4); 5. Line to Noah (chaps. 5, 6); 6. The Deluge (chaps. 6 to 9:1); 7. The Covenant (chap. 9); 8. The Nations (chaps. 10 to 11:9); 9. Line to Abraham (chap. 10 to 25:10); 10. Abraham (chap. 10 to 27:31); 11. Isaac (chap. 25 to 35:29); 12. Jacob (chaps. 35 to 50)."

## II. Introduction.

In a single sentence of incomparable brevity and simplicity, the creation of the heaven and the earth in the beginning is ascribed to God. Then the earth is depicted in its chaotic, sterile state, destitute of all life, robed in deepest darkness, but, "with mighty wings of creation," brooded over by the Spirit of God. We are permitted to witness the progressive stages by which it is made fit for the abode of man. We listen to the command, "Let there be light," and lo, the light appears—"offspring of heaven first-born," and the darkness is dispelled, and the alternations of day and night established. Then our lesson skips over the partition of the waters by the "firmament," the upheavings and subsidences of the earth's crust by which mountains and valleys were formed and the seas gathered, the manifestation of the sun and moon and heavenly host, the creation of the "creeping things" and "the fowls of the air," and takes up a second document, or writing, which more directly explains the purpose for which man was created. Not a plant yet waved in the breeze, not an herb of the field yet grew, because we are told, no rain had yet fallen, and "there was not a man to till the ground." The first difficulty was removed by causing the mist which rose from the earth to dissolve in fertilizing showers; the second, by creating man, not by a command, but by a personal act on the part of God, and by an impartation of Himself: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Then a home was provided for him—a garden planted "eastward in Eden," and there "the Lord God put the man whom He had formed."

Chapter 2, verse 4. *These are the generations of the products, developments, or births.* These words begin a new document, or composition, which extends through chapter 4. It has characteristics of its own which separate it from the previous writing, particularly in the use of Jehovah as the name of God. *Lord God*—Jehovah Elohim. This is the first use of the name Jehovah in the Scriptures; it occurs about six thousand times, and was regarded by the Jews with such reverence that they never pronounced it, except in Num. 6:22-27, but always used in its stead the title *Adonai*, or *Lord*. The meaning of the word *Jehovah* is the "Self-Existent," or as expressed in Exodus 3:14, "I am that I am." Murphy says of it: "It never has the article. It is never changed for construction [he refers, of course, to grammatical construction] with another noun. It is never accompanied with a suffix. It is never applied to any but the true God."

Verse 5. *And every plant of the field.*—Murphy translates the first two clauses of this verse as follows: "And not a plant of the field was yet in the land, and not an herb of the field yet grew." This would take the narrative back to the meaning of the third "day" at least, when the waters were collected into seas and the dry land appeared; for, immediately after, the command came for the earth to bring forth grass, and herb, and tree, "having seed in themselves, after their kind." *Had not caused it to rain*—not a man to till the ground. The two things that hindered vegetation and vegetable growth were rain, which is the source of sap in the plant, and man who has intelligence to cultivate the soil. How these hindrances were removed we are next shown.

Verse 6. *There went up a mist, etc.*—Darkness had been dispelled by the creation of light, but the heavenly bodies were not yet visible. Vapors masses of cloud, the accumulation of vapors rising from the earth, obscured the sun; but these at length were dissolved, and descended in abundant showers to water the newly-created kingdom of nature. Thus it happened, too, that the sun was no longer visible, and therefore shone out on the fourth day, with all the splendor and novelty of a new creation.

Ponder what a stupendous thing evaporation means. The average quantity of water held in the air is 54,460,000,000 tons. The annual rainfall is estimated at 186,240 cubic miles. And now suppose that you had never heard of the principle of evaporation, and that you were required to lift up this vast mass of water from one to two miles into the air and keep it there? (Boardman.)

Verse 7. *The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.*—A fuller account of the creation of man is given in the first chapter, where he is said to have been made "in the image of God," and given dominion over in-

rior creatures. Here he is alluded to with reference to his adaptation to be the cultivator of the soil. Out of the soil, as science clearly confirms, his material part is derived. His very name *Adam* identifies him with the earth (*adamah*). (See also Psa. 139:15; Job 1:21.) "We now know from chemical analysis, that the animal body is composed, in an insensible manner called *composition*, of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, lime, iron, sulphur, and phosphorus. Now, all these substances, in various combinations, form a very large part of the solid ground" (Bible Dictionary). *Breathed the breath of life*.—What is this "breath," which was not formed of dust, but was imparted directly from God himself? Was it merely organic life, mysterious something which in nature battles all research? or was it the "image of God" by which man came to resemble the Father of spirits in respect of spirituality, immortality, and intellectual and moral endowments? Perhaps one, probably both, since man possesses both, and neither are of the earth. *Man became a living soul*—a term likewise applied to water and land animals (Gen. 1:20, 21, 24), and teaching simply that his organism was vitalized, and its functions perfected. "As by his body he is allied to earth, and by his soul to heaven, so by the vital union of the two he is associated with the whole animal kingdom, of which he is the constituted sovereign. The passage, therefore, aptly describes him as he is fitted to dwell and rule on the earth" (Murphy). For the creation of man see the preceding chapter.

The divine life seems included in this phraseology, just as Jesus is said to have given the Holy Ghost to his disciples in this manner: "He breathed on them, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost" (John 20:22).—God is the essential personal Being, and in giving to man an immortal soul, He made him a partaker of His own self-consciousness, power of free choice, and, therefore, distinct moral responsibility. All this was accomplished at first with perfect purity and innocence; and thus man was like his Maker, intelligent, immortal, personal, with powers of thought and free choice, and, at the same time, pure, holy, and unadorned (E. H. Browne).

Verse 8. *Planted a garden*—a "paradise," park. *Eastward in Eden*—Eden was probably the name of the district in which the garden was located. It is supposed to have included "the vast region from the Caspian and Black Seas to the Persian Gulf, which rise in the four rivers named above, which all rise in the hill country of Armenia. Two of the four rivers of Eden, all agree, rise here—the Euphrates, 1,500 miles long, and the Tigris (Hakkedy) 1,395 miles long. They rise not more than four or five miles apart. Between the two main sources of the Euphrates, and about ten miles from each, rises the Araxes (probably the "Gihon"), and flows 1,000 miles to the Caspian Sea, encompassing the Asiatic Cush; while at no great distance from the Euphrates is the origin of the Halys ("Phison"), which runs a winding course 700 miles to the Black Sea. That the Halys is the Phion, is favored by the striking similarity of the original names of Havilah and Colchis, the region of the golden fleece, which was situated on the shores of the Black Sea" (Smith's Bible Dictionary). *There He put the man*,—Science concurs with the statement that the Eden, as above located, was the cradle of the human race. Some years ago the opinion was held by scientific men that the globe on which we live had been the home of several distinct creations and depopulations of the human family. This theory, according to Prof. Gray, "died a royal death with Agassiz," and is today held by no leading scientist. As to the derivation of the whole human race from a single pair, scientific men are still at variance, some asserting that physiological peculiarities, and the laws of language, point to more than one parental pair, and others stoutly claiming that as time rolls on, and our knowledge improves, difficulties are becoming reconciled, and the unity of the human race established. It may be mentioned that even some Christian theists, like Prof. Winchell for example, maintain that the negro races are prehistoric in respect of creation, and form, therefore, a different species from the white races; but, on the other hand, there are many earnest Christian scholars who believe that science will yet confirm what the great apostle proclaimed on the Acreopagus, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

The most skillful and accomplished naturalists—such as Cuvier, Blumenbach, Pritchard—have established beyond any reasonable doubt the unity of the human family as a species (McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia: Article on Adam).

IV. Gleanings.

1. This great introductory sentence of the Book of God is equal in weight to the whole of its subsequent communications concerning the kingdom of nature. It assumes the existence of God; for He is before all things; and as nothing comes from nothing, He himself must have always been. It implies His omnipotence, for He creates the universe of things. It implies His absolute freedom, for He begins a new course of action. It implies His infinite wisdom, for a *kosmos*, an order of nature, can only come from a being of absolute intelligence. It implies His essential goodness, for the Sole, Eternal, All-Wise, Almighty, and All-Sufficient Being has no reason, no motive, and no capacity for evil. This simple sentence denies atheism, for it assumes the being of God. It denies polytheism, and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good and the other evil; for it confesses the one Eternal Creator. It denies materialism, for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies pantheism, for it assumes the existence of God before all things, and apart from them. It denies fatalism, for it involves the freedom of the Eternal Being (Murphy).

2. When the Creator says, "Let us make man," He calls attention to the work as one of pre-eminent importance. At the same time He sets it before Himself as a thing undertaken with deliberate purpose. Moreover, in the former mandates of creation, His words had no reason, no motive, and no capacity for evil. This simple sentence denies atheism, for it assumes the being of God. It denies polytheism, and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good and the other evil; for it confesses the one Eternal Creator. It denies materialism, for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies pantheism, for it assumes the existence of God before all things, and apart from them. It denies fatalism, for it involves the freedom of the Eternal Being (Murphy).

3. Man does not only live upon the surface of the soil, he has a spring from it; he is its son, as we learn from the mythologies of all the nations. We are of the dust, the water, and organized air; and whether we may have sprung from the slime of the Nile, or formed from the red earth of the Euphrates or

the sacred alluvium of the Ganges, we are none the less the children of the "beneficent mother," like the trees of the forest and the reeds of the rivers. She it is from whom we derive our substance; she nourishes us with her mother's milk, she furnishes air to our lungs, and, in fact, supplies us with that wherein we "live, and move, and have our being" (Revue).

4. Moreover, "special creative act" is not excluded by evolutionists on scientific ground, is not excluded at all on principle except by those who adopt a philosophy which antecedently rules out all possibility of it. Darwin postulates one creative act and a probability of more, and so in principle is at one with Wallace and Dana, who insist on more. Professor Bowen, my philosophical colleague, concludes that "not only every new species, but that each individual living organism, originated in a special act of creation." . . . When the naturalist is asked what and whence is the origin of man, he can only answer in the words of Quatrefages and Virchow. "We do not know at all." We have traces of his latest marked climatic change in our temperate zone; but he was then perfected man, and no vestige of an earlier form is known. The believer in direct or special creation is entitled to the advantage which this negative evidence gives. . . . Sober evolutionists do not suppose that man has descended from monkeys. The stream must have branched too early for that. The resemblances, which are the same in fact and in theory, are supposed to denote collateral relationship" (Prof. Asa Gray, before the Yale Theological Society).

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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.

The second steamboat collision within a week, occasioned by a fog, involving peril to a large number of passengers, has naturally produced anxiety in the minds of those proposing an Atlantic trip, and even of those sailing across Long Island Sound. It is hardly to be expected that absolute immunity from danger will ever be attained in this imperfect world; but it is noticeable that extraordinary care is sure, as in the instance of the Cunard Steamship Line, to bring its ultimate reward. The escape from casualties, now for so many years, on this line, is not an accident, but the legitimate result of unswerving watchfulness and carefulness. In the competition for speed and promptness, urged on by the exposed passengers themselves, and by owners of freight, proper precautions are neglected, and dangerous risks run. A cessation of accidents for a period induces carelessness. In the instance of the Anchora and Queen, there seemed to be an abundance of facilities for escape in case of injury to either steamer; men were drilled and equal to the sudden demands upon them, and the life-boats and rafts were in perfect order and ready for an emergency. In the Sound boats precious moments were lost; no provision seems to have been made, so that the men would know their places in an emergency; there were too few skilled sailors, and the boats were not at immediate command. It is heart-rending to read the recitals of the sufferers—women and children—who from the moment of the terrible crash until their rescue barely alive, received no aid and heard no assuring voice from an officer or sailor connected with the vessel. The loss of property is a severe punishment for this neglect, but not an adequate retribution for a reckless periling of human life. The legal investigation of this sad catastrophe will be followed with much interest by the community.

God has given us an instinct of life. We shrink from death, and fight for life until the last. The most cowardly acts witnessed during the late casualty on the Sound were the suicides that occurred. It is the duty of the loving discipline of the Lord to hold upon his life, unless Providence calls for its surrender for an adequate cause, such as the rescue of others, until the Master gives the unmistakable summons to His reward. Some wonder why, when one has no fear of dying, and an unwavering persuasion of a home in heaven, that he should struggle to save his life. It is his duty so to do, for the sake of others and for the service he may yet perform upon the earth. "To live is Christ." But he should be ready for every sudden emergency, so that he may be able to comfort and support the fainting in the hour of mortal terror. It is one of the great opportunities of life to a devout believer when he is permitted thus to exhibit the calming, assuring, unselfish grace of the Gospel of Christ amid the approaches of death in frightful forms. No one has a right to presume upon an escape from all peril. We may not tempt the seas, but death lurks in our homes and walks the streets. The only safety is a condition of abiding harmony with God, and a conscious persuasion of His approving presence. Death, however sudden or terrible his approach, is a conquered foe, even to a timid Christian, if his trust is unwavering in his Saviour. In the hour when he most needs him, the Great Deliverer is always at hand, and His promise is to be with His disciples even unto the end.

The change of the Commencement exercises of our colleges and seminaries from the last of July to the middle of June is a great improvement, and the past and present weeks, so widely improved all over the land by high schools and academic institutions, have been very comfortable. These annual exercises repeat themselves, but are always new. Parents and friends never lose their interest in these recurring anniversaries. No one can look upon the animated and hopeful faces of these young citizens of both sexes without the deepest emotion. We catch their enthusiasm, look through their eyes into the golden future, and then look through our own in the direction of the great life problem before them, until our seeing grows dim with the tears that spring unbidden to our faces. There

will be many disappointments, but more happiness and success, we trust. We cannot be too grateful for these Christian schools under strong religious influences, out of whose halls are annually passing so many manly youths with high purposes and holy ambitions, and so many cultivated young women to be the centres and inspirations of beautiful homes, or the sisters of charity in many active forms of Christian service at home and abroad. The choicest training which many of these young people have received during the past year has been in religious services, where the moral and spiritual nature has been brought forward in delightful harmony with their intellectual growth and progress. We bid you God-speed, well-trained young men and women! The world has an abundance of room for you; ask for a divine Hand to lead you to your place.

A young man was a student in one of our New England colleges which are under marked religious influences, where annually there is more or less of spiritual awakening, and always a manifest religious life. He was naturally brilliant, but had never been awakened to the serious purposes of life. He barely kept up with his class, by the force of his genius, while he indolently threw away his time. Worse than this, he was falling into a confirmed habit of using intoxicating drinks, and seemed inevitably predestined to a drunkard's wretched life. In one of our "secular" colleges there have been little hope for such a man. He would have gone down the rapid path of hundreds before him. His religious class-mates, however, saw the promise in him, and consecrated themselves to his rescue. A season of religious interest greatly aided them. His conversion was as thorough as it was remarkable. He sought to redeem, as far as possible, the time he had wasted thus far away. Now he is one of the most popular of the young men of his Conference, occupying one of its chief pulpits, a polished, eloquent and devout preacher of the Word. We believe in religious, as distinguished from secular, schools of higher learning; indeed, we have the same belief in reference to the public school also.

"How do you study your sermons?" said an unthinking young pastor to one of the keenest, most original and irrepressible of wits, as well as earnest preachers, in his Conference. He unfortunately asked this question in the presence of several ministers, expecting a characteristic answer, but hardly the scattering shot which he himself received. "Why," said the thoughtful and quick-witted father in the Gospel, with his characteristic drawl and peculiar turn of the eye, "I shut myself in my study and fill myself up like a jug; then on Sunday I pull the stopple out and let it run." "But doesn't it sometimes run roily water?" asked the unsuspecting tyro. "That is probably your experience, not mine," was the apt answer, which suddenly closed the catechism amid the audible smiles of the company.

### THAT COLORED BISHOP.

Unintentional injustice is done to the General Conference by many who predicate their judgment upon results without knowing all the facts in the case. We are among those who are disappointed not to have a man of the African race in the episcopal chair, chosen not because he belonged to a certain race, but because he was every way worthy of the exalted position; but we sympathize also with the reasons that influenced the votes of the majority of General Conference.

We do not think it necessary for our Church to choose a colored bishop in order to demonstrate the sincerity of its interest in its colored ministerial brethren and its abhorrence of caste prejudices. It exercises, as a Church, no form of exclusion towards them. They are welcomed everywhere, and enjoy an equal representation in our highest ecclesiastical body, voting for the highest officers of the Church, and are eligible themselves, if qualified, for any position. As in the instance of the German brethren, they can, and do, present their candidates for the episcopacy, and secure votes for them. That they are not elected is not because they are African or German, but simply because their brethren do not look upon the nominees as best adapted to the responsible and delicate work of the superintendency of the Church. They are not alone, by any means, in this failure to secure adequate appreciation. Some of the "able and eloquent" sons of New England, and favorite candidates from the West, shared with them in their lack of votes for the episcopal office.

We did not accord with the manner in which, by certain members of General Conference, the question was treated. We had no sympathy with the abrupt and unjust closing of the debate when so many earnestly sought the privilege of expressing their sentiments; and nothing could be more abhorrent to our sense of brotherly propriety than the crack of the whip which was snapped by the mover of the previous question over the heads of the colored brethren, with the hardly concealed invitation to them to leave the church and set up for themselves if they thought they could do better. Many of the delegates who were ready conscientiously, and for

adequate reasons to themselves, to vote against such an election at that time, were burning with indignation at the unfriendly intimation, and did vote against the previous question, although not reluctant to accept its results so far as the failure to elect a man of color to the episcopacy was concerned.

The more intelligent colored delegates themselves did not wish simply a bishop to exercise the duties of the office in the purely colored Conferences and in Africa. The animated speech of one brother in advocacy of such a course as this, although evidently considered very friendly to the interests of the brethren of color, was more offensive to us than the rough and frank address of the mover of the previous question. He intimated that, in the division of work, the supervision of the colored Conferences would fall entirely to this superintendent. This would be simply the perpetuation of this unchristian caste of color. It would be very nearly (the same in spirit) what the Church South has done, who have given their colored members bishops of their own blood and set them aside by themselves.

It would be an exceedingly unfortunate day that should deprive these Conferences at the South of the wisdom, ability, and sympathy of their honored white bishops, as well as ours. No colored bishop would be of any service to them who would not be acceptable in New England and in any portion of the work, presiding with intelligent dignity in any of our Conferences, commanding everywhere respect by his unquestioned talents, and not craving sympathy for his deficiencies on account of his color.

There was no name presented that secured a general concurrence even of the colored brethren; certainly none that was so well known throughout the Church as to awaken general confidence. It was the same with ministers of Saxon blood. A number had a strong local popularity, but only those who, in the providence of God, had secured a national reputation, obtained an adequate number of votes for the office.

The colored brethren are popular with us; they are welcomed just as they are, upon platforms and in pulpits. Their very peculiarities, which they themselves will be glad to be rid of, as their opportunities for improvement are studiously used, are piquant and grateful to Northern audiences. Their quaint pronunciation, their original expositions of Scripture, their magnetic enthusiasm, their Oriental rhetoric, their very blunders, greatly delight and often convulse our congregations; but these gifts do not fit them especially for the presiding offices of Conference and the exercise of the gravest functions of the ministry in all parts of the land. There are well and quite broadly educated brethren of color, modest and alive to all the most delicate proprieties of such a position; but these men shrink from the place, or are too young yet for its responsibilities.

It is only a question of time. These colored bishops are probably born and only need to grow and ripen. They will reveal themselves as visitors in our Conferences and anniversaries, and as delegates to General Conference. We do not honor our brethren of color by depreciating in their behalf the requisitions of the office. They do not need or ask our sympathy. They have not the slightest idea—the great body of them—of turning away from a Church in which they were born, which has stood by them when it cost not simply treasure but blood, and stands by them still, in the form of its noblest men in its highest office, at whatever expense of social courtesy and public estimation it may entail upon them; a Church that, by its numerous and costly educational institutions established among them, is doing everything in its power to elevate them and make them equal to any of the opportunities which a divine Providence may open before them. The importance of continuing the presence of white brethren in the colored Conferences, in the episcopal supervision of them and in the membership, cannot be overestimated. We have deprecated from the beginning the separating of the two. The brethren of color need the support, the educating influence, and the experience of their white fellow itinerants. When education and the training of years, with the wearing away of race prejudices, render the necessity less apparent, then mere tastes and temporary expediency may be permitted to determine Conference boundaries and membership. For the present, however, we shall simply divide our sympathies over the disappointment of candidates for the episcopacy between our unsuccessful New England and the colored nominees.

"Try, try again!"

(Notes from our Churches on the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 7th pages. Many items of interest are necessarily "laid over" until next week.)

### Editorial Items.

Our neighbor editor, the chief of the *Congregationalist*, is a Puritan of the Puritans. Born so near the "Rock" that he could have kissed its inspiring surface in his early years if any additional touch were necessary to make him eloquent upon the Pilgrim story, with mingled Puritan and Pilgrim blood in his veins, if he had not been a Calvinist, he would have believed himself predestined to become the historiographer of their ecclesiastical genesis and progress. His monogram, "As to Roger Williams," was only the first fruits of his studies, or rather a few of the "chips" of his workshop. He has devoted years to the examination and gathering, in England and Holland, of all the literature of his theme, having enjoyed remarkable facilities, and met with unexpected success. The simple bibliography of his subject, with its index, admirably prepared, fills 326 closely printed, royal octavo pages in the smallest type. The election of Dr. Dexter to the Southworth lectureship upon Congregationalism in Andover Theological Seminary, gave a plan and form to the work for which he had been making so elaborate a preparation. These lectures, delivered during three annual courses, beginning with 1875, have now been gathered into a substantial, finely printed volume of 716 pages, with an appendix of over 300, which has been handsomely published by Harper and Brothers, under the title of "Congregationalism as Seen in its Literature." In the columns of a newspaper we have no space to review such a work, and hardly to give an idea of its contents. One of the most interesting of the lectures to us is his graphic description of the condition to which England had been reduced by the Papacy, and the natural effect of this upon the minds of the early Puritans, forming the occasion of their terrible denunciation and hatred of all Papistic ceremonialism. He describes carefully the different branches of the non-conforming Christians of England—Separatists and Brownists—and the bitter discussion that occurred between each of them and the Established Church. He gives a clear, original, and interesting account of the condition of the Church in Holland and its divisions, placing the character and words of Robinson in quite a different light from the usual "liberal" interpretation bestowed upon them. He enters at large into the consideration of the Congregational policy as illustrated in the history and order of the early New England churches. Dr. Dexter is a "high church" Congregationalist. Here we shall leave him to the foes which are "of his own household" to criticize and castigate him to their heart's content. For ourselves, we, of course, believe in some kind of government and denominational discipline, and not in a rope of sand. Our Congregational brethren pay their money, however, and they may call it any name they please, and have just as loose and independent a polity as they desire to live under. But the book is a noble monument of long, careful, and generous study, of very successful discovery of original sources of information, of accomplished scholarship, and is written, in a remarkably clear and vigorous style. We heartily congratulate the Doctor on his worthy contribution to historical and ecclesiastical literature, and the happy consummation of a protracted and important service to the general Church of God as well as to his own denomination.

Bishop Foss's final baccalaureate at Wesleyan University, delivered last Sabbath, very impressive in itself, was rendered even more so by the circumstances under which it was uttered. His text was Jude 20-21. His subject was character building. He considered the design, the foundation, the material, and the plan of such an edifice. We must know, he said, what we are. The plan must be broad enough to befit the august conception of a soul endowed with eternal duration and eternal responsibility. We must intelligently accept the divine idea of our mortal and immortal life. We must accept the truth concerning it as it is in Jesus. We are to keep ourselves in the love of God. The motives urging this are, that character is an edifice which every one is building for himself. We are building up ourselves also as a preparation for the duties we owe to society. These thoughts were amply developed and richly illustrated. His address to the graduating class was specially affecting. He referred to the close to the remarkable revival of last winter, and ended by saying,—

"The resolves you then made and the experiences you then enjoyed, marked the loftiest altitudes your souls had ever reached. How magnificent this mortal life appeared as the vestibule of heaven; how sublime God's plan of our life! 'That we might be partakers of His holiness!' God grant evermore to shed on the path of each of you some rays of that celestial light, until the eternal sun-burst shall wrap you round and transfigure you into His perfect image; for 'He doth not appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'"

Four years ago the J. B. Burr Publishing Co. of Hartford, Conn., issued the first volume of the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," and promised the second at an early date. But this was a work that could not be hurried, and Dr. William Smith, its editor-in-chief, had already established his reputation for painstaking thoroughness and exactness, in his long series of classical and sacred dictionaries. The long-promised volume now appears. Dr. Smith has been assisted in this exhaustive work upon Christian antiquities by Archdeacon Samuel Cheetham, A. M., Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, and by over one hundred and thirty special contributors. These two volumes are really a continuation of his Bible Dictionary, to which they form an indispensable appendix. The work will be appreciated by Bible

students, pastors and teachers, and, indeed, will be found a requisite appendage of every considerable library. The American edition, from the English plates of John Murray, is issued in a tasteful form by the Burr Publishing Co., and although the work exceeds by 300 pages the expected size it was to reach, it is published at its advertised price, \$3.50 a volume. It will be sent free by mail at this price to any one ordering it of the publishers.

Bishop E. O. Haven writes an interesting letter in the *Northern Advocate* from the Foster Sanitarium at Clifton Springs. He finds there two hundred patients, in all stages of convalescence, and remarks:—

"As I look upon and walk through this stately pile of buildings, and observe the adaptation of all their appointments to rest and refreshment and restoration to health, I am filled with constant wonder that one man can do so much for the benefit of his fellow-men, and with gratitude that this Bethesda is a place where the Saviour is welcomed, and where He also performs His miraculous cures. I think also of many personal friends who have come hither for rest and healing, and have thus prolonged their useful lives. I find also here a brother minister, Rev. Albert Gould, of the New England Conference, whom last I saw years ago officiating at my father's funeral, who informs me that last year he was brought here unable to walk on account of rheumatism, that seemed to be incurable—now a man who might stand as a model of health, and who would be likely to carry off prizes in a gymnastic contest. His sermon last Sabbath morning, on Christian perfection, was one of the most Scriptural and satisfactory on the subject that I have ever heard."

He speaks also in strong commendation of the Foster Seminary, for young ladies, established by the proprietors of the Sanitarium, and under the charge of Dr. George Loomis. It has just closed a successful year.

Rev. W. O. Lynch is the presiding elder of the colored work, on Kansas district, of the Kansas Conference. This is one of the old heroic districts, embracing the whole State. It is all new work. The churches are to be gathered, the places of worship to be built, and the itinerants to find their living. The people have just come, empty-handed, from the South, but full of faith, and hope, and courage, with everything but money. The case is a pathetic one. Some of the ministers are exposed to great sacrifices, and the call for the humblest edifices for worship is truly affecting. Whoever wishes to do a blessed work where it is greatly needed, can send money, much or little, to Rev. John D. Knox—a banker of Topeka—for this purpose, who will place it where it will do the most good. Rev. J. E. Gilbert, of the Quincy St. M. E. Church, Topeka, heartily endorses Presiding Elder Lynch and his appeal.

We have received the Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of Indian Commissioners for 1879. It gives a full account of the subjects considered by the Board during the year, discusses the Ute and Ponca troubles, insisting that although the latter were wronged out of their lands, it is better now for them to remain on the reservation where they are. The Commission recommends legislation to confer titles in severalty, protection of the rights of Indians as between themselves and others, liberal appropriations for educational and industrial schools and for the employment of farmers and matrons, and a stringent law forbidding the sale of spirituous liquors to Indians; all of which are excellent and practical suggestions.

Revs. J. B. Dunn and D. C. Babcock, as chairman and secretary of a ministers' meeting in Philadelphia, appointed to call a ministerial temperance convention, invite such a gathering of clergymen of various denominations to meet in Philadelphia, Nov. 11 and 12, of the present year, to discuss such topics as: The Doctrine of Christian Expediency as applied to the Use of Intoxicating Beverages; The Responsibility of Christian Citizenship; The Liquor System a Hindrance to the Cause of Christianity at Home and Abroad; How shall the Christian Church work most effectively for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic? The Relation of Educational Institutions to Temperance, and the Duties arising therefrom; Temperance Work among the Young; The Demand for a Distinct Temperance Literature; Should not Churches contribute systematically to the Cause of Temperance? Scripture Argument for Total Abstinence.

A meeting commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the Robert Raikes Sunday-school, and the five hundredth anniversary of the translation of the Bible into the English language, will be held on Saturday, June 26. The place will be Somerset Street Church, at 3 o'clock p. m., the subjects and speakers as follows: "Our English Bible, its History, Position and Influence," Rev. R. R. Meredith; "The Sunday-school, its Beginnings and Progress," Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.; "The Bible in the Sunday-school," Rev. Joseph Cummings, LL. D. Gen. A. B. Underwood will preside. The gathering is for all Bible preachers and teachers, and will undoubtedly be a meeting of unusual interest.

The *Magazine of Art*, for June, opens with an interesting paper on "Queen Victoria and Art," giving a number of etchings by Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort. There is an illustrated paper upon "Morlax," an old Breton town, and an attractive contribution upon the "Society of English Artists." A sketch of "Michael Angelo" is given, with an engraving of the Sybil. The question is started and discussed, "Is Photography an Art?" There is a sketch and a spirited portrait of Louise Jopling, the artist, and papers upon Indian metal work, and Pictures of the Year. Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co., New York.

The State Sunday-school Convention, to meet at Martha's Vineyard week after next, will be a very interesting gathering. Several of the leading clergymen of the State will participate, and on Wednesday, John B. Gough will deliver a temperance address. The excursion tickets—\$2 for the round trip—will be good from Monday until Friday. Good board at most of the hotels can be had at \$1 per day.

Rev. George V. Leech of the Fourth Street M. E. Church, and Rev. Wm. I. McKenney of the Hamline Church, Washington, D. C., passed a few days in our city last week. Bro. McKenney is seeking health, having been somewhat broken down by his labors. They discussed with considerable vigor the historical scenes in this vicinity, during the short time they had, and we trust they have carried back a favorable impression of the old Puritan town.

The lightning is striking around with great recklessness. No one knows who will be hit next in these commencement days. This time the victim is Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of People's M. E. Church, Boston. The Baker's University, located at Baldwin City, Kan., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology upon the popular preacher at the South End, as above hinted. May he have grace to bear it and the congratulations of his friends!

The Southern Methodist Publishing House issues, in a neat tract, an ordination sermon of Bishop G. F. Pierce, Church South. Its theme is the character and work of a gospel minister. It is based on 1 Tim. 4: 13-16. The sermon is very vigorous, written as spoken, eminently practical, instructive and impressive. It is a good summary of the duties and responsibilities of the ministry, which a young pastor or an older one may often read with profit.

We received the following touching note from Rev. Fayette Nichols, pastor of the M. E. Church, Cohasset, Mass.:—

"My wife passed from our home to her heavenly mansion this evening. After a sickness of some months she passed into rest. Her calm and peace in prospect of death have been wonderful, and thus it has been all the way through. Our home is desolate."

But Christ lives, and the dear departed lives also.

All who have enjoyed the ample courtesy of our brother, G. M. Eddy, New Bedford, and seen the bright little boy that brought so much sunshine into the family, will sincerely sympathize with the bereaved parents, as they read the note that follows:—

"Our dear little George died this morning (June 18), after a suffering illness, of pneumonia. His age was three years."

We have received the bound volume of the *Library Magazine* for 1880, a stout octavo of some 1,200 pages, containing many of the best articles which have appeared in English periodicals during the year. The low price at which this magazine is published (\$1.00 a year), and the excellent character of its contents, should make it known everywhere. Published by American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

The Pleasant St. M. E. Church, Plymouth, is making an effort, now nearly successful, to clear off a debt. Among the pleasant devices of its ladies was the publication of a particularly neat little paper, called the *Methodist Star*. It is finely illustrated and well filled with interesting matter. By sending ten cents to W. W. Avery, a copy will be returned by mail, and so much aid will be afforded this good work.

The young Mr. Lockwood, who was one of the victims of the late collision in the Sound, was a graduate of Drew Theological Seminary. He was a nephew of Dr. Newman, and a young minister of great promise. He had won a warm place in the hearts of the people of his charge, in New York city, and his funeral was largely attended by a deeply sympathizing audience.

Dr. Buckley has fairly seated himself in the chair editorial. His last paper is an admirable one. We had written our editorial upon the "Colored Bishop Question" before receiving his paper, or we might have saved our ink by republishing his argument. We reach the same result by different lines of thought. We congratulate the Doctor and his patrons upon the unmistakable signs of the best success in his new and delicate office.

Rev. A. F. Herrick and family have returned from their late trip to California much invigorated in health. We notice that Brother Herrick gave his people on Sunday, the 13th inst., a very interesting discourse upon Mormonism as it came under his personal observation. We should think this lecture would be likely to be often called for during the coming season, and will be listened to with profit.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union will hold a two days' meeting at Ocean Grove, August 9 and 10; a five days' meeting at Round Lake, August 11-15; also one day at Chautauque, Aug. 15, and one day at Old Orchard, Aug. 28. These meetings will be under the direction of Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National Union, who will secure the presence and help of the best speakers East and West.

We are indebted to some friend for a copy of the Annual Minutes of the twenty-ninth session of the Wyoming Conference. It makes a stout document of 104 pages, and contains a great body of well-arranged statistics and all the reports which were either commendably short or wisely condensed.

The Methodist Depository, Baltimore, publishes the very animated and eloquent missionary sermon of Rev. G. V. Leech, delivered at the late session of the Baltimore Conference, and issued in this form by its request. His subject was the coming kingdom of our Lord, and the signs of its approaching triumph over the earth.

At the Friends' Free Library, Germantown, Pa., no novels are provided for circulation; but this does not prevent a very general, and certainly very profitable, use of the library. The librarian, William Kite, in a tract, gives his views of the deleterious effect of fiction in public libraries, and of his success in securing a large patronage of better books in his institution.

Bishop Foster will preach the sermon at the dedication of the M. E. Church, Newton Centre, July 7, at 3 o'clock p. m. Dr. W. S. Studley will preach in the evening at 7.30 o'clock. The trains on the Brookline Branch of the Boston & Albany railroad run to Newton Centre at 1.30 and 2.15 p. m.

The *Woburn* contains a very vigorous and able discourse delivered by Rev. V. M. Simons, at the M. E. Church, May 30, before the Burbank Post of the G. A. R. It is pious, pungent and patriotic; especially the last two.

Dr. G. R. Crooks, one of the most accomplished scholars in the Church, has been elected to the chair in church history and historical theology, made vacant by the recent election of Dr. Hurst to the Episcopacy of the M. E. Church.

The National Temperance Publishing House, 58 Reade Street, New York, publishes an excellent temperance concert exercise, which will afford an interesting and profitable evening service for Sunday-schools.

Rev. Will C. Wood's essay on "The Sabbath Services," which has been read before several religious bodies and received with favor, has been published in a tract form, and is for sale at the Congregational Book Store, Boston.

A. Williams & Co. publish an interesting discourse of Rev. Renen Thomas, of the Harvard Church, Brookline, on Public Church Service. It is an excellent tract for the times, and should be widely circulated.

We understand that Rev. Charles S. Rogers, while fully appreciating the courtesy of the faculty and trustees of the Tennessee Wesleyan University, has respectfully declined the acceptance of the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, given to him at their last commencement.

Rev. D. B. Randall writes: "Although very feeble, I am out of the hospital, and happy with Brother G. Kimball, at Cumberland Street, Portland. I expect to go to York in a week."

The old Church Street Society dedicated their church, July 4, 1834. The 46th anniversary and reunion will be held this year in the People's Church, on Sunday and Monday, July 4 and 5. Former pastors and members are invited. Full particulars next week.

(Church News continued from first page.)

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT (Prov. Conf.). Taunton, Central Church.—Here Brother Hawkins, on his third year, moves among his people a loved, trusted and honored pastor. The Sabbath congregations are large, and the finances are in a healthy condition. This is one of the few places where the house of worship is hardly large enough to conveniently accommodate the congregation. This church has a flourishing mission Sunday-school, the north part of the city.

Grace Church.—All is going well. Brother Hall was cordially welcomed by his people, and at once entered upon his duties with his accustomed zeal and energy. The good degree of religious interest with which the year closed, under Brother Campbell, continues, and already several penitents have presented themselves for prayers.

North Dighton.—Brother Lamson and his wife are very much at home with their people. They were greeted on their arrival with a hearty welcome, which has continued through all the days since. The congregations are large, and the Sunday-school is well attended and in excellent working order.

Dighton.—The good people of this church were never better suited in a pastor than this year, and Brother Evans comes himself a happy man in his new work. At the quarterly conference the salary was promptly and cheerfully advanced—\$50 above last year. Besides the Sunday-school, which is doing well, there are two classes for the religious instruction of the children.

East Weymouth.—Here Brother Lewis and his people came together in a most natural manner, indicative of the present times of things, and are moving on in their work with the method, strength and efficiency characteristic of both him and them. Up to this time his family has been considerably impoverished by an enlargement of the pastoral duties, nearly finished. The enlarged and otherwise much-improved kitchen, pantry and cupboards will richly compensate for this brief inconvenience.

Lowell's Corner.—This new charge is still doing well. The Sabbath congregations fill their hall, and the spiritual interest is good. Brother Farnsworth is succeeding well in his double work as pastor and student in the School of Theology. The only drawback to the delay in finishing the house, which a friend is building to rent for the purpose. Brother Farnsworth and wife are now on a visit to friends in Vermont, and it is expected the house will be ready on their return.

Hingham.—Brother H. M. Cole, a student of the School of Theology, came here after Conference with but little experience as a pastor, and has won the esteem and confidence of the people. The hope of this church is the fine class of young people within its reach, and Brother Cole has already exercised an influence over them. Some of the boys who had left are returning to the church. There is a successful children's class, conducted by a devoted sister of the church. Some of her children are getting to be young people, yet they are regular attendants upon her little meeting. It is a pity that this most promising field of usefulness remains unoccupied in so many of our charges.







## The Family.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

BY LUCY MORRIS CHAFFER.

"The one of rosy summer's herald days,  
And genial sunbeams warm the stretching  
shore,  
Through which the dark Meander brings its  
tide,  
Its softly-winding, wayward, westward tide,  
In loyal tribute to the sea. Three leagues  
away, across the nesting inlet, lies  
Millets. Here, in years by hundreds gone,  
Old Grecian arts and learning flourished  
here.  
From sweet colonial grace and privilege,  
To Lydian first, and then to Persian rule,  
The people fell, till men were slain, and babes  
And women captured. Alexander once  
Besieged the patient town, and made it yield.  
And when, in lapsing decades, Rome put  
out  
Her strong and lengthening arm, and seized  
the States  
By handfuls, all this rich Ionian coast  
Was henceforth hers.

But War is captive now,  
And Peace let loose. To-day Cilician Saul,  
The good apostle of the Prince of Peace,  
Upon his way to 'far Jerusalem,'  
Is waiting at Millets; with him Luke  
And Timothy and elders of the church  
At Ephesus, whom Paul has sent for. These  
Await, within the farewell messages  
With which the good man's heart is over-  
charged:

"My brethren dear, since first 'from house to  
house'  
I taught you Christ, ye know how meek has  
been  
My tempted service. Even yet I see  
That bonds and sorrows wait me where I go;  
And yet with willing feet I go, unmoved;  
For even life is less to me than grace  
To finish all my ministry with joy.  
And since your eyes shall see my face no  
more,

I pray you testify that I am pure  
From all man's blood, because of God's good  
will  
I told you all. Feed well the precious flock  
Of which He makes you shepherds. Wolves  
will come  
And sheep be lured astray. Forget not how  
I warned you all, three years, with tears.  
And now

To God I leave you. He can make you heirs  
With all the saints. Remember Jesus' words:  
'More blessed 'tis to give than to receive.'  
Then meekly down he kneels, and pours his  
soul  
In prayer. Oh, how its tender, burning  
words  
Do touch these men, at each petition made  
For them and theirs! How, at the warm  
amen,  
They weep and weep, and fall upon his neck,  
And kiss him, filled with sorrow at the  
thought  
Of seeing him no more!

And now they seek  
The waiting ship. It slowly rises away,  
And Paul is gone! Gone far and further out  
Upon the leafy sea. Think you, when he  
Shall write from Caesar's city, by and by,  
To the beloved Ephesians, empty words:  
'Will fill his letter? Nay, for love and faith  
Shall guide his pen to grandest utterances,  
Which many a telling child of grace, away  
Adown the multiplying years, shall read,  
And love, and then thank God for strength  
renewed.  
Hampton, Mass.

### LETTER FROM LIMA, NEW YORK.

This is a week of unusual interest  
in this place. Genesee Wesleyan  
Seminary celebrates its fiftieth anni-  
versary with appropriate and varied  
exercises, in which many distin-  
guished men participate. It is ex-  
pected that at least a thousand of its  
alumni and patrons will be present  
from abroad, and the generous resi-  
dents are prepared to give them a  
cordial welcome. It would be diffi-  
cult to estimate the influence of such  
an institution, and the good it has  
accomplished. It has ever been one  
of the most important of the literary  
institutions under the care of our  
Church, and is now in a better finan-  
cial condition than any similar insti-  
tution. It has fine, ample buildings,  
having all that were erected for its  
use and for Genesee College, a good  
farm, and an endowment of \$54,000.  
It has the features that have charac-  
terized our seminaries. It has fur-  
nished to the people, at a very small  
cost, a good practical education. It  
has given to both sexes the same  
privileges and secured to them those  
mutual advantages that can only be  
obtained by guarded acquaintance  
and association in the most important  
period of life. Co-education is  
founded on natural principles, and is  
growing in favor with the best and  
most conservative educators. The  
institutions under the care of the M.  
E. Church have had much to do with  
the testing of this principle, and se-  
curing for it the present consideration  
and respect.

One of the great advantages of  
such institutions is, the opportunity  
afforded youth coming from rural  
and sparsely settled communities, for  
an extended acquaintance, and the  
selection of companions for life.  
Hundreds of happy, cultured families  
owe to them their happiness and  
prosperity.

Another most important character-  
istic has been the union of intellect-  
ual and religious education. In this  
respect Genesee Wesleyan Seminary  
has been highly favored. It has had  
influential, pious teachers, been fa-  
vored with powerful revivals, and  
has sent forth many students to an  
earnest religious life. It is to be  
greatly deplored that so many of our  
people, in disregard of the importance  
of this influence, are inclined to send  
their children to institutions where

direct religious influence is unknown,  
and too often where infidelity is cov-  
ertly, if not openly, taught.

Lima is beautiful for situation, is  
healthy, surrounded by beautiful  
scenery, and has many natural ad-  
vantages. It was the seat of Genesee  
College, which some years since  
was removed to Syracuse. Its re-  
moval was obstinately resisted, and  
much bitterness was occasioned by it,  
which still survives. This disappoint-  
ment and injury to the village is  
largely due to the want of foresight  
and to the influence of the friends of  
the seminary. No railroad passes  
through it. The Canandaigua and  
Niagara Falls road comes within four  
miles, and a branch of the Erie road  
passes through Avon, seven miles  
distant. It is said that each and  
perhaps both of these roads would  
have passed through Lima, had it not  
been for the open opposition with  
which their propositions were met.  
It was urged that a literary institu-  
tion should be quiet, retired, and free  
from the evil influences a railroad  
brings to a community. All this  
was secured to Lima.

The institutions were, at first,  
under the control of what was formerly  
the Genesee and East Genesee Con-  
ferences. To secure a wider field of  
influence, trustees were selected from  
other Conferences, who, not appre-  
ciating these advantages of retire-  
ment, complained of the difficulty of  
access, and joined in an effort to se-  
cure the removal of the college,  
which was successful.

There is another fact connected  
with these institutions that has occa-  
sioned much comment, and in its re-  
sults is instructive. With great faith  
in its success, their trustees author-  
ized the sale of perpetual scholar-  
ships that, for the small sum of one  
hundred dollars, should secure free  
tuition in either institution. It  
probably did not occur to those  
concerned, that no community would  
buy a sufficient number of scholar-  
ships to secure an endowment, and  
yet that the number sold, in compar-  
ison with the demand for them, would  
render any income from them but  
meagre, and, at best, uncertain.  
Finding it impossible to sustain the  
institutions on the income received,  
some years ago, the trustees declared  
tuition to be free, thus destroying the  
value of the scholarships, but at the  
same time they introduced a high  
charge for incidentals, which yielded  
an income equal to a moderate rate  
for tuition. It seems a little strange,  
if they felt at liberty to go so far, that  
they did not, while introducing the  
charge for incidentals, still leave to  
the holders of scholarships, at least,  
a nominal benefit from their posses-  
sion.

But these facts should not, perhaps,  
be obtruded on the present interest-  
ing occasion. Hundreds of former  
students are gathered here, gazing  
on familiar scenes and exchanging  
joyous greetings with the companions  
of former days; their joy being tem-  
pered only by the sadness that comes  
from the remembrance of those loved  
ones who have passed away. The  
holding of these anniversary meetings  
should be encouraged. They give an  
opportunity so much to be desired for  
renewal of the associations of youth,  
and of good purposes to live a noble  
life. Genesee Wesleyan Seminary  
has accomplished a noble work. The  
past is secure. May the future be  
yet more blessed and prosperous!

JUNE 8, 1880. VISITOR.

### DON'T THINK.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Oh, leave thyself to God! and if indeed  
Thou givest thee to perform so vast a task,  
Think not at all—think not, but kneel and ask.  
A friend, by thought was never created free  
From any sin, from any mortal need.  
Be patient, not by thought, and thou shalt see  
What course of life for thee is laid and wise;  
It will be written up, and thou wilt read.

Don't think. If you think, you will weep,  
And your sight will grow even more dim,  
And your heart will more grievously ache,  
And your life be more burdened for him.

Don't think; banish memory; work;  
Work early and late with will;  
For work to the wretched is all  
Of earth's good that is left to them still.

Don't think; if you think, you will doubt,  
And doubting will lead to despair;  
Confusions, cross-purposes, still,  
Enigmas, are here and are there.

Don't think; just work on while you can;  
And then sit and listen; and pray  
For those to the wretched is all  
To feel the fierce heat of the day.

Don't think; just go on to your grave;  
Amid the low daisies so sweet,  
Somewhere by the soft singing wave  
It lies, not far from your feet.

Don't think; just be patient and still;  
Leave all the dire puzzle of fate  
To One who, with infinite skill,  
Will solve it, and never too late.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCU- RENCE.

(Reprinted by Request.)

[The following communication has been  
handed us for publication, by a gentleman of  
this city, who received it, as here stated, from  
the late eloquent and pious Sumnerfield, a  
short time before his death. We know the  
writer; he is a man who is distinguished alike  
for excellence of character, creditability, piety  
and moral worth. His name would at once

remove every possible doubt as to the faith-  
fulness and correctness with which the nar-  
rative has been furnished, and as to the cer-  
tainty that the account we now give was com-  
municated to him by the above-mentioned.—  
E. ZION'S HERALD, Feb. 15, 1880.]

The following account I received  
from the late Rev. John Sumnerfield  
soon after his return from England.  
Mr. Sumnerfield informed me that he  
obtained the narrative from Rev. Rich-  
ard Watson, the gentleman who is now  
writing the excellent work, entitled,  
"Theological Institutes," a volume  
of which has reached this country. Mr.  
Watson received the account from Rev.  
Mr. Mills, a minister of talent, integrity  
and high standing in the Methodist  
Church in England, and who was the  
actor in the extraordinary scene. Mr.  
Watson further informed Mr. Sumner-  
field, that he was intimately acquainted  
with Mr. Mills, and knew him to be a  
man of the greatest moral worth, and  
by no means credulous.

Mr. Mills had traveled a circuit in En-  
gland, in which lived a man by the name  
of James, with whom, his wife and chil-  
dren, he had been intimately acquainted,  
and at whose house he lodged, in pass-  
ing around the circuit. He left the cir-  
cuit, after having traveled it one year,  
to attend to the Conference, and was  
again returned to it a second time. But  
in the interim an epidemic disease had  
prevailed in the place where James re-  
sided, and both himself and his wife were  
carried off by it suddenly, and within a  
short time of each other. Mr. Mills,  
however, as usual, went to his old lodg-  
ing, which was then occupied by the  
children; but he felt gloomy and dis-  
tressed at finding the abode no longer  
enlivened by the presence of its former  
inhabitants, who had been his intimate  
friends, and in this state of mind retired  
to rest in the same room in which on  
former occasions he had been in the  
habit of sleeping.

Soon after lying down, however, Mr.  
Mills, with considerable astonishment,  
heard, as he supposed, some persons  
whispering in an adjoining room, into  
which he immediately repaired, to as-  
certain who they were, but found no  
one. He again lay down, and concluded  
that he must have been mistaken; but  
the circumstance brought to his recol-  
lection a rumor which he had heard, at  
a place not very distant, and to which  
he had paid but little attention, that  
James and his wife had been several  
times seen since their death. While  
thinking on this rumor, he again heard  
the whispering renewed. This in-  
creased his surprise; and a second time  
he arose and searched the room, but  
with the same result. He arose the  
third time from the same cause, but  
after a strict search, could find no one.  
After this he resolved to disregard it,  
and fell into a sleep and heard nothing  
more.

The next morning he left the house,  
without mentioning the circumstance to  
the children, to attend an appointment  
about three miles distant; and, as usual,  
dined at the house of a pious old lady in  
the neighborhood of the place. The  
woman, though poor and aged, had al-  
ways insisted on the preachers staying  
with her; and through respect for her  
age and excellent character, they in-  
dulged her wishes. She had provided  
for Mr. Mills a frugal repast, but de-  
clined eating with him, stating that she  
preferred waiting on him. The old lady  
was generally known by the familiar  
name of Nanny; and by this name she  
was called by the preachers. While  
Mr. Mills was eating his morsel, Nanny,  
who was seated some distance from  
him, said, "Mr. Mills, I have a request  
to make of you." "Well, Nanny," he  
replied, "what is it?" "Why," said  
she, "that you preach my funeral ser-  
mon next Sabbath." The request as-  
tonished Mr. Mills, who, looking at her  
with surprise, said, "Nanny, what is  
the matter with you? Have you lost  
your senses?" "Oh, no, sir," she re-  
plied, "I know perfectly well what I  
am talking about; for I shall die on Fri-  
day, at three o'clock in the afternoon;  
and though you will be some miles from  
this place, I want you to comply with  
my request; and if you have ever known  
anything good of me that may be ser-  
viceable to others, you can tell it."  
"But," said Mr. M., "before I promise  
to comply with your request, I should  
be much gratified if you would inform  
me how you know that you will die on  
Friday, this being on Tuesday?"  
"Then, sir, I will inform you. You  
know that reports have been in cir-  
culation that James and his wife have been  
seen in different places by various per-  
sons since their death." "True," said  
Mr. M., "but I regarded it as a mere  
rumor." "But, sir," she replied, "I  
saw them this morning!" "You saw  
them!" "Indeed, I did, sir. Early  
this morning, while sweeping my entry,  
I looked up toward the road, and I saw  
two persons, a man and a woman, com-  
ing toward the house, who appeared to  
me to resemble James and his wife. I  
ceased to sweep, and looked steadily at  
them, until they came near to me, when  
I found it really was them." Said Mr.  
Mills, "Why, Nanny, were you not  
afraid?" "No, afraid, Mr. Mills?" she  
replied. "What had I to fear? Indeed,  
I was not afraid, for I knew James and  
his wife in this world, and I am sure  
they were good people, and I was quite  
certain they had not become bad since  
they left it. Well, sir, as I was saying,  
they came up to me, and I said, 'James,  
is that you?' and he said, 'Yes, Nanny,  
it is me; you are not deceived, and this  
is my wife!' And I said, 'James, are  
you happy?' and he replied, 'I am, and  
so is my wife; and our happiness far  
exceeds anything we ever conceived of  
in this world!' 'But, said I, 'James,  
if you are so happy, why have you re-  
turned?' To which he replied, strange  
as it may appear to you, 'There is still  
a mysterious tie existing between us  
and our friends in this world, which will  
not be dissolved until the resurrection;  
and also, Nanny, you know, that I and  
my wife died suddenly, in consequence  
of which it has been supposed that I  
left no will; and in order to prevent  
some uneasiness which is likely to exist  
among the children respecting my

property, we have been permitted to re-  
turn to the world and inform some per-  
son that I did make a will, and where it  
may be found. We went,' he continued,  
'last night, to our former mansion, to  
inform Mr. Mills respecting the will,  
but found he was somewhat frightened,  
and therefore concluded not to tell him,  
but to see you this morning and request  
you to inform him, as he will dine with  
you to-day, for we passed him on the  
road; and we knew, Nanny, that you  
would not be frightened.' 'No, indeed,  
James, I am not alarmed,' I replied, 'for  
I am glad to see you, especially  
since you are happy!' 'The will,' he  
said, 'is in a private drawer in the desk,  
which opens by a secret spring [here  
giving a full description of it], which  
the children do not know of, and the ex-  
ecutors live in the neighborhood. Re-  
quest Mr. Mills to return to the house  
after dinner, and he will find the will,  
and can see the executors and can have  
things satisfactorily settled in the fam-  
ily.' And, said he, 'Nanny, we are per-  
mitted to inform you that on Friday  
next, at three o'clock in the afternoon,  
you will die, and be with us!' 'Oh,  
James!' I replied, 'I am glad to hear  
it. I wish it was Friday now!'  
'Well,' said he, 'be ready, for the mes-  
senger will certainly call for you at that  
hour!' I replied, 'Don't fear, James.  
By the grace of God I will be ready;  
and they left me.'

Mr. Mills heard the account with no  
small degree of astonishment; and con-  
cluded to return to the house from  
whence he came in the morning. With-  
out the least difficulty he found the  
drawer and will. He also saw the ex-  
ecutors, and was pleased to find that  
the will gave full satisfaction to all con-  
cerned. On the following Friday, at  
three o'clock, pious Nanny died; and  
Mr. Mills informed Mr. Watson that he  
preached the funeral sermon on the suc-  
ceeding Sabbath. Mr. Watson remarked  
to Mr. Sumnerfield that he had always  
before been an unbeliever on the subject  
of apparitions, but that he did most  
fully credit this account.

### EBB TIDE.

Long reaches of wet grasses sway  
Where ran the sea last yesterday;  
And white-winged boats at sunset drew  
To anchor in the crimsoning blue.  
The boats lie on the grassy plain,  
Nor tug, nor fret, at anchor-chain;  
Their errand done, their impulse spent,  
Held to an alien element,  
With their sails and masts for life,  
Though morning beckons bare and high;  
Like wounded birds their flight denied,  
They lie, and long and wait the tide.

About their keels, within the net  
Of rough grass, flows green and wet,  
A myriad thrifty creatures, pent  
In sorrowful imprisonment.  
Await the beat, distinct and sweet,  
Of the white waves returning fleet;  
My soul their vigil joins, and shares  
A nobler discontent than theirs;  
I shudder like them I patient lie,  
Sit listening beside the sea;  
And still the waters outward glide,  
When is the turning of the tide?

Come! pulse of God! come! heavenly thrill;  
We wait thy coming—and we will;  
The world is vast, and very far  
From our sad shores, and very far  
Its utmost verge and boundaries are;  
But thou hast kept thy word to-day  
To India and to the far away.

And the same mighty ear shall reach  
Each humblest rock-pool of this beach.  
The gurgling fish, the stranded keel,  
This dull dry soil of mine shall feel  
Thy freshening touch, and, satisfied,  
Shall drink the fullness of the tide.

Susan Coolidge.

### DOCTOR SUSY.

BY M. NEALE.

CHAPTER I.

Little Susy was certainly the doctor  
of the family. Allan was the lumber  
merchant and kept the wood-box  
filled. Lewis was the expressman  
who went to the store for groceries  
and ran on errands. Mary mended  
stockings very nicely, and Berta did  
the fancy work. She could crochet  
tiedies and foot-covers in a won-  
derful way, and make pin-cushions  
and needle-books out of mere scraps  
of silk and velvet. She trimmed the  
school hats, and once had ripped up  
an old straw of her father's, soaked  
the braid to make it soft and pliable,  
and sewed it over into a smaller size  
for Georgie, the youngest. Mrs.  
Whyte had a large family of children  
to care for, but so far as she could do,  
tried to exercise their capabilities in  
the direction for which they seemed  
best suited. So little Susy was the  
doctor; for whenever any of them  
were sick, she was always imitating  
Doctor Dowse, feeling the pulse and  
looking at the patient's tongue directly  
after him, unrolling the powders and  
rolling them up again, and looking at  
the clock to see when it was time they  
should be taken. She would bathe  
the head with salt and water, or  
smooth and press it with her own  
cool hands, and keep the younger  
children still and quiet. The old  
doctor once said she was the best of  
the lot to wait on him, and it was a  
pity she hadn't been a boy, she was  
so smart and knowing. But Susy was  
a girl, and had just as much need of  
being smart and knowing as if she had  
been a boy. As she grew older, she be-  
came fond of a recipe-book that ex-  
plained what to do in case of accident;  
and she had her box of salve and court-  
plaster, and her bottles of liniments,  
arica and burns and bruises; and even  
the children at school ran to her for  
comfort and help when they hurt  
themselves.

Mrs. McCabe lived in the big  
brown house on top of the hill, with  
yards upon yards around it of green-  
est grass, and here and there a clump  
of shrubbery, and here and there a  
round flower-bed, with blossoms all of  
one color. Some were red, some

white, others blue and pink, and one  
was of all colors and very gay in-  
deed. Mrs. McCabe and Mrs. Whyte  
attended the same church, and the  
former, being of the visiting commit-  
tee, made the latter a call one after-  
noon. Mrs. Whyte was in her par-  
lor. She wore a new print dress and  
a clean white apron, and was sewing  
on a jacket for Georgie. Mrs. Mc-  
Cabe, after talking about the good  
attendance on prayer-meeting, the  
fair the ladies' society had in contem-  
plation, inquired where the children  
were, as she looked round the room.  
She was exceedingly fond of children,  
and had none of her own—only one  
adopted boy, Freddie; and she said  
if he had been at home, he would not  
have wished her to come without  
him. Mrs. Whyte explained to her  
that one afternoon in the week during  
vacation they had the use of the  
kitchen for a grand play-room all by  
themselves, and while they were quiet  
their mother was not to interrupt  
them.

"Do you suppose I could take just  
a peep without disturbing their play?"  
There was such a wistful earnest-  
ness in the way she put the question,  
that Mrs. Whyte smiled as she re-  
plied, "I think they would be only  
too glad to be disturbed by you. We  
will go into the sitting-room and open  
the door a little way."

As it happened, they found the  
door ajar, and so busy were the chil-  
dren they did not hear their approach;  
so Mrs. McCabe had a good long  
look.

Lewis was keeping store, and had  
drawn the kitchen table across the  
back entry doorway for a counter,  
and stood behind it with a yard-stick.  
Some towels, and patch-work, and  
napkins, and handkerchiefs, were his  
stock of dry goods, and sawdust was  
his sugar, and apples and potatoes,  
cut into bits, were his groceries. He  
had a great many customers, and  
took a good deal of paper money, and  
seemed to be getting rich very fast.  
Allan kept the post-office, and there  
was a letter for every one. Berta was  
teaching school, and looked stiff and  
stern with a stick in her hand. Other  
children had come in to play too, and  
some of these were keeping house.  
Of course Susy was the doctor, as  
usual. She had a chair turned down  
for a horse, and, seated on its back,  
she was making the round of her pro-  
fessional calls. There was a sick  
doll in almost every family, and much  
talk about the scarlet fox and chicken  
fever. Susy left a few drops out of a  
phial she carried for each suffering  
doll, and rolled up a powder neatly  
—a little flour in a piece of paper—  
which she said would cure them every  
time. The dolls never said anything,  
but they had a bright color in their  
faces, and their eyes opened wide  
when their mothers held them up  
straight, and very nearly closed when  
they were laid down again. One or  
two gave a kind of cry when pressed  
round the waist, and that was all.

Mrs. McCabe said the sight of the  
good times they were having was a  
pleasure to her, and that if there was  
one thing she liked it was to see chil-  
dren enjoying themselves, and added:  
"I wanted to throw the bag of pen-  
cils and candy I brought right into  
the middle of the floor and see them  
scatter about, and the boys and girls  
start and run, and cry out and won-  
der about them; but I thought it  
wouldn't do. They would only be  
interrupting you with questions after  
I was gone, and I guess a little leisure  
time is as necessary for you as play is  
for them; so I'll leave it for you to  
distribute as you see fit." And very  
soon after Mrs. McCabe went away.

### BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"Mid the losses and the gains;  
Mid the pleasures and the pains,  
And the hopes and the fears,  
And the restlessness of years,  
We repeat this passage o'er—  
We believe it more and more—  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.  
Gold and silver, like the sands,  
Will keep slipping through our hands;  
Jewels, gleaming like a spark,  
Will be hidden in the dark.  
Sun and moon and stars will pale,  
But these words will never fail:  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.  
Soon, like dust, to you and me,  
Will our earthly treasures be;  
But the loving word and deed  
To another is not dead.  
They will live eternally—  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.  
Fast the moments slip away,  
Soon our mortal powers decay,  
Low and lower sinks the sun,  
What we do must soon be done;  
Then what nature, if we hear  
Thousand voices ringing clear—  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last."

### FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING.

A great many flowers are strewn on  
the graves of the dead—and why not?  
It seems to be all that love can do to  
keep the lowly sleeping-place from neg-  
lect, and though the roses and violets  
soon wither and die, and the slumbers  
strut not, under their shining or fading,  
it comforts us to carry the sweet offer-  
ings and leave them there.  
But O friends, let us scatter flowers  
on the pathways of the living! Let us  
remember dead invalids, shut in from  
the world's activities. Can we not  
write to them, cut the little poem from

the paper for them, and send them the  
pleasant book we so much enjoyed in  
the reading? There are the children—  
not always good and sweet, but some-  
times naughty and willful. Let us have  
patience with them. There is some-  
body who treats us with asperity, who  
is not courteous or kind, and who can  
us, more or less. Who are we, that we  
should not be sometimes tried? Let us  
be tender and true. Let no day pass in  
which we do not make some effort to fill  
other lives with sunshine and other  
hearts with peace. Thus shall we scat-  
ter flowers on the pathways of the liv-  
ing.—Christian at Work.

### For Young and Old.

#### Only Fun.

.... The Detroit Free Press asks: "Is a  
clothing store a coterie, a pantry, or a vestry?"  
.... "A prudent man," says a witty French-  
man, "is like a pin. His head prevents him  
from going too far."  
.... Mr. Budd asked her, "Rose, wilt thou  
mine?" Rose answered, "I am sorry I  
cannot be—but a rose cannot be turned into  
a bud."

.... Patrick on the Zebra—"That kind of  
a beast is that—the mule with his ribs on the  
outside of his skin either?"  
.... "What is the worst thing about  
riches?" asked the Sunday-school superin-  
tendent. And the new boy in the bad class  
under the gallery, who only came in last  
Sunday, stood up and said, "Their scarcity.  
And in his confusion the superintendent told  
the school to rise and sing, "Don't be weary,  
children."

.... The Rev. Dr. West, of New Bedford,  
once heard that his choir would refuse to sing  
on the next Sunday. When the day came he  
gave out the hymn, "Come ye who love the  
Lord." After reading it through he looked up  
very eloquently at the choir and said, "We  
will begin at the second verse." Let those re-  
fuse to sing who never knew our God!"

.... Elder Sister—"What did cook say  
when you told her that the children didn't  
like the soup, Biddy?" Biddy—"Sure, then,  
and what 'ud it be but her snuff that dropper  
in, and she thought the children 'ud 'bave it  
was pippin!"

.... The Marquis de Calino's last: They  
were talking before him about cremation, and  
asked his opinion of it. "I am a heretic," he  
replied; "I excommunicate." "As for myself,  
I would die before I would be cremated!"

.... "Is this my train?" asked a traveler  
at the Kansas Pacific depot of a lounge. "I  
don't know, but I guess not," was the doubt-  
ful reply. "I see it's got the name of the  
railroad company on the side, and I expect it  
belongs to them. Have you lost a train any-  
where?"

.... As some lady visitors were going through  
a penitentiary under the escort of a superin-  
tendent, they came to a room in which three  
women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of  
the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking  
creatures! Pray, what are they sewing for?"  
"Because they have no other home; this is  
our sitting-room, and they are my wife and  
two daughters," blandly answered the super-  
intendent.

.... A well-known Hartford gentleman was  
unable to attend the sale of the pews of his  
church, the other day, and he requested a  
deputy to bid in for him a pew for which he  
had for many years paid fifty dollars. Later  
he met another friend, and incidentally men-  
tioning that he would not be able to attend the  
auction, asked to see friend Smith's name for  
he had his old pew heretofore. The auction  
took place and the pew was put up. "Fifty  
dollars," said friend numpkin, "one," "fifty-  
one," said number two. "Fifty-three," "fifty-  
four," and so till there had been thirty-eight  
bids, when one friend, thinking he had  
been as far as discretion permitted, stopped,  
and the other took it triumphantly at eighty-  
eight dollars. "Put it down for Dr.—"  
said the auctioneer, "and the other name of the  
other name no bounds. They had been bidding  
against each other, both in behalf of the same  
gentleman, who had forgotten to tell number  
two that he had also spoken to number one.  
The church is so much better off.—See  
Haven Palladium.

### Gems of Religious Thought.

.... Goethe says, "Epochs of faith are  
epochs of fruitfulness; epochs of unbelief  
however glittering, are barren of all permanent  
good."

.... Pleasures do not weaken the mind.—  
Seneca.

.... Believers have a life that death can  
never touch.—Romaine.

I know, resolve, and do not, and anon  
Augustine.

Stretching mine empty hands to heavenly  
springs.

Once more then, O once more, before my  
heart  
Be cold, O time, I seize thee by thy wings,  
And wrestle with thee; bless me ere we part.  
Isaac Williams.

.... Our hope is not hung on such an un-  
twisted thread as "I imagine so," or "It is  
likely," but the strong cable of our fastened  
faith is the promise and oath of Him who  
is eternal verity. Our salvation is fastened  
with God's own hand and Christ's own strength  
to the stronghold of God's unchanging nature  
and truthfulness.

.... What, then, will make us real? The  
fact of God will do it. The first kindly touch  
of eternity will not only wake us, but it will  
lead us also. Clearly, then, the nearest ap-  
proach to art possible on earth is to make  
our best defense against unreality; and the near-  
est approach to it is the serving God out of  
personal love. Love has a special way to  
lead us. We must look out to God, pass over  
to Him, lean upon Him, and let love of Him  
burn love of self away.—F. W. Faber.

"Through sunless seas, through cloud and  
chill,  
The Lord from Egypt calls his Son;  
And Love in darkness knows its own,  
Therefore, O doubting heart, be still."

O helpless human heart of mine!  
Unweaned from thy mother earth,  
Wilt thou in quietness the birth—  
The glad release of the divine!

Mary A. Lathbury.

.... To admire, to be impressed, to be sen-  
sibly moved by our blessed Saviour, who  
demeaned and words, His love for us, and  
anxiety that we should be saved, this is not  
enough; we must keep His



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## The Way to Houghton & Dutton's Great Closing-out Sale.

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FLOWERS & LEAVES  
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HOUSTONS & OUTDOOR  
CHINA - GLASS WARE

The image displays three architectural renderings of the Houghton & Oulton building facade, each featuring a different section of the storefront. The first rendering, labeled 'GENTLEMEN'S GOODS', shows a section with a sign that reads 'MR. S. HOUGHTON & CO. CUTLERY'. The second rendering, labeled 'LADIES' PAVILION', shows a section with a sign that reads 'IMPORTERS: HOUGHTON & OULTON, IMPORTERS & CARRIERS'. The third rendering, labeled 'BOOKS STATIONERY', shows a section with a sign that reads 'HOUGHTON & OULTON'. Each rendering includes a small inset image of a person standing in front of the building.



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